

the **LINK**

August 1958

BREAKING POINT

I BELIEVE

HOW TO BABY YOUR BUGGY

20¢

A PROTESTANT JOURNAL FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







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**A PROTESTANT JOURNAL FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL****VOL. 16 • AUGUST 1958 • NO. 8****STORIES**

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Front: Miss District of Columbia, June Roberta Cook, in front of Prentice Music Hall, American University. Photo by Larry Fitzgerald.

Back: Soldiers and WAC Personnel leave Post Chapel at Ft. McClellan, Alabama. Official U. S. Army Photo.

Inside Front: Home from the Sail. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: "Trust in God" by Alfred Grant Walton.

ART WORK: Inside story illustrations by Charles N. Newton.



You Are What You Believe

What a man truly believes, deep down in his heart, that makes the man! When Moses met God at the burning bush and believed, the fearful, run-away shepherd became God's mighty leader of the hour to lead his people from the slavery of Egypt. When Saul met the risen Christ on the Damascus road and believed, he became the world's foremost missionary and established the Christian church firmly in the Roman Empire.

Even false beliefs, firmly held, shape people's lives. Take the communists, for instance—their belief in dialectic materialism leads them into forceful and wicked action. So it is important that men believe the truth!

How know the truth? Turn to the Bible. Follow Christ who said, "I am the truth." Use the mind God gave you to reason with. Move out on faith.

Lawrence P. Fitzgerald

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Subscription prices to civilians: \$2.00 a year; \$1.50 in lots of ten or more to one address.

For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced on one of three plans: 1. Ten cents per copy if chapel funds permit; 2. five cents per copy if funds are limited; 3. free if there are no funds.

Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Nashville, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Address all correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., NE, Washington 2, D.C.

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Breaking Point

By H. N. FERGUSON

**Would Chet let others push him out
of his chosen field into work he neither
liked to do nor was fitted to do?**

SERGEANT Chet Erskine was scheduled to report for his duty watch at four o'clock in the afternoon. Precisely on the minute he entered the radar shack at Boydston Air Force Base and eased his tall, wiry frame into the swivel chair before the intricate console. His practiced eyes automatically swept the instrument panel.

Everything was in order and the sergeant gave a sigh of contentment. This was the life. But a close look at the tiny worry lines around his eyes would have told most anyone that something was bothering him. And there was something wrong; he had troubles.

A ground-controlled-approach operator, he had mastered the difficult

technique of pulling planes out of the sky to a safe landing when the weather was zero all the way down to the ground. Cool and nerveless in an emergency, his skill had saved many a frantic pilot who wouldn't have given a plugged nickel for his chances of coming in safely in a blinding storm.

But it was Cindy that Chet was really thinking about. Cindy, his blonde, determined slip of a wife, who for weeks had been carrying on an enthusiastic campaign to separate him from the service at the expiration of his enlistment. And all because she felt he should earn more money.

A door suddenly swung open from the adjoining room, admitting Chet's

apprentice, Airman 2/c Wayne Stevens. He had a blackened coffee pot in his hand.

"Oh, hello, Chet," he sang out cheerily. "How about a cup to get started on? It's good for the nerves."

"I've often wondered what that stuff you brew was good for," grinned Chet. "But I'll take a chance." He held out his hand for the steaming cup.

Before he could taste his drink, there was an abrupt interruption. A voice, clear and distinct, came from a military transport plane approaching from the coast. It was still some fifteen miles out, fighting its way through the gathering darkness of the murky winter afternoon.

Sergeant Erskine straightened in his chair, his attention focused on the mike in front of him. Then he began talking, his words clipped, precise and encouraging. In a matter of seconds he had talked the plane into its proper position; headed it for the center lane of runway two. Its exact position was indicated by the uncanny bluish-green blips that dawdled with exasperating slowness across the twin radarscopes.

The plane was now ten miles out, tilting into its long glide, and nosing into the curtain of early evening ground fog. Chet leaned back for a moment and lighted a cigarette. Casually he watched one blip focus on the center line of the runway; the other was slipping gently down the glide path approach.

"You're doing fine," Chet encouraged the pilot. "You're on center line. On glide path. You are now one mile from touchdown. Steady!"

After that Chet never stopped talking. Maximum safety demanded constant contact between the operator and the pilot.

Then the scope blips were sliding past the field boundary and settling to the touchdown points. A weary voice edged into the room, "Thanks, GCA, thanks."

Chet pushed his chair back, took a deep breath, and crushed out the cigarette stub. Airman Stevens grinned at him approvingly. "You sure make it look easy, Chet," he said with open admiration.

"Just a matter of practice," replied Chet laconically. "You'll be doing it yourself before you know it."

He walked over to the water cooler, still thinking about Cindy. What if he did what she wanted? What would life be like away from the service? Try as he might, he could conjure up no rosy picture. True, Cindy would be happy and the extra money would be great, but . . .

WHEN he drove into his driveway that night after his shift was finished, Chet noticed Andy Cain's car parked in front of the house. Chet squirmed and groaned inwardly. He was in for another siege of brainwashing.

Andy and Mary Cain were the Erskines' best friends. But Chet was beginning to weary of their well-meaning intentions. Andy was in the real estate business; he made a lot of money and could see no reason why Chet shouldn't join him in doing the same. Cindy was solid-

ly sold on the idea, and the three of them had been persistently working on Chet at every opportunity.

He just couldn't go through another session with them tonight. Easing the car into the garage, he tiptoed up the back stairs. In a few moments he was in bed, the covers pulled over his head. But sleep eluded him.

When he could stand it no longer, he impatiently snapped away the covers and switched on the light. He got up and put on his dressing gown and slippers. Cindy had given him that robe for Christmas two years ago—had saved enough out of the grocery money to pay for it. Thinking back, Chet suddenly realized that most of the things she had bought since their marriage had been paid for that way. He couldn't much blame her for trying to get him into a higher financial bracket.

Marrying into the air force had meant an entirely new way of life for Cindy. But she had been a good sport about cheap apartments, the moves from one base to another, the separations, and the eternal lack of enough money to do the things young people have a yearning for.

Suddenly he realized that the sound of voices in the living room had ceased. He heard Andy's motor start and listened as the car sped down the street. Then the door opened and Cindy came into the room. She wedged herself into the chair beside him.

"I heard you come in," she scolded.

Chet grinned sheepishly. "I was afraid of that."

"Still can't make up your mind?" she asked.

"Looks like you and the Cains are making it up for me," he replied wryly.

Cindy wrinkled her nose at him. Her arms slipped around his neck and she gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. "Darling, I don't want us to do anything that will make you unhappy. But this seems like such a wonderful chance. We can have a home of our own . . . a decent car . . . friends . . . we could even get our family started." She sighed, lost in a dream of pleasant contemplation. . . .

THEY had a late breakfast the next morning. Chet was on his second cup of coffee when a car screeched to a stop outside. A moment later Andy's booming voice came through the front door. "Anybody home?"

"Sure, come on in," invited Chet.

Andy and Mary sat down at the table. Cindy poured coffee for them.

Andy wasted no time. "Chet," he began, in his easy-going voice, "I don't think you're completely sold on this deal and I don't want to push you into something you might regret later. However, if you do want to make a break, now's the time to do it. Things will never be better."

Chet glanced at Cindy. Her fingers were crossed; she tossed him a wink and a quick smile of encouragement.

"I think Cindy is going to explode if I don't say yes," chuckled Chet, "so, what can I do? I'll peddle your



"I'll peddle your papers, come the first of the month," he promised.

papers, come the first of the month," he promised.

Cindy was in his arms instantly, kissing him hard upon the lips. Andy was pounding him on the shoulder.

Chet sat motionless for a moment, wondering at the strange lump that suddenly materialized in his stomach. He excused himself and walked into the bathroom for a glass of water.

When he was out of sight, Mary threw her arms around Cindy. "We made it!" she chortled.

But Cindy wasn't smiling any more. There had been something disturbing in Chet's eyes.

"Yes, we made it," she replied slowly. "And I'm not so sure that

I haven't been a childish idiot." Her voice sounded close to tears.

A couple of days later Chet was ordered suddenly to Moore Field in Texas to conduct a two-weeks' radar course.

On the day he returned, Cindy was just finishing lunch as he came into the house. They didn't have much time for talk. Chet took a quick nap to catch up on some of the sleep he had lost on the overnight flight home. Then he got ready to report for duty.

He kissed Cindy and started out the door.

"Oh, darling," she said, as though suddenly remembering something. "Andy came by this morning. I told him..."

"Save it till I get home," broke in Chet hurriedly. "Got to run. See you later."

Twenty minutes later Chet twisted the wheel of his car, slid through the entrance gate of Boydston Air Force Base and parked in his usual place. Heavy, low-hanging clouds were forcing an early dusk and a sharp wind-driven mist stung his face as he headed for the shack. It was going to be a rough night.

"Hi'ya, Chet," greeted young Stevens. He was tinkering with the inevitable coffee pot. "Glad you're back. How are things in Texas?"

"They've still got a lot of flying room down there," testified Chet.

The two sat around for nearly thirty minutes, drinking coffee and comparing notes. Then Chet walked over and opened the door. A blast of cold air swept in; the mist had changed to rain and was blotting out the field. The runway lights were stippled blurs, dancing eerily in the sodden darkness.

He hoped there would be no planes tonight. It was a tricky business bringing them in in weather like this. Heavy moisture had a tendency to blot out the view on the radarscopes, making them practically useless. "Why worry," he thought, "this is what they have alternate fields for."

Just then the phone rang. It was the tower.

"We're closing down GCA for the night," said the voice. "Weather's getting too heavy. If anything else comes over we'll shunt it to Fairfield emergency base."

"Roger," acknowledged Chet.

The phone jangled again, almost instantly. "This is the tower. Forget what I just said. A plane, carrying passengers, is approaching from the east. She's been fighting strong headwinds and is low on fuel. Not enough left to fly to Fairfield. You'll have to bring her down here. This is an emergency!"

Chet whistled softly. "Roger," he repeated again as he adjusted his headset and twisted a knob on the control panel. A faint blip appeared and slid slowly across the scope.

He leaned toward the mike. "GCA to transport. You are visible on my scope. Give me your call sign. Over."

The pilot's reply was instant. The words came slowly and distinctly. Too much so. Chet realized he had a scared flyer on his hands.

"This is MAT-354 to GCA," said the pilot. "My fuel gauge reads empty. Request straight-in landing."

"Roger, MAT-354," replied Chet. His voice was detached and easy. "Just follow instructions, we'll have you down in a jiffy. Turn left now, to a heading of zero five two."

As though hypnotized by the blip, he followed its course across the screen. It was indistinct, and his stomach muscles tightened.

"Coming on course nicely," he said comfortingly into the mike. "Your approach heading will be zero five zero. Take that now. You are on center line and approaching glide path. Wheels down. You will be on glide path in eight seconds."

The pilot muttered something which Chet didn't catch.

"You are on glide path," continued Chet's confident voice. "Start

descending now—five hundred feet per minute. You are two miles from touchdown.”

Chet's eyes narrowed as he watched the glide path blip. It was spreading into a formless blur; suddenly it disintegrated into nothing as a heavy curtain of rain blotted out the blip. Chet tried to swallow, and couldn't, as he stared at the useless scope.

The pilot's voice broke in, urgent, tinged with panic. "I'm in a heavy rain squall. I . . ."

Beside Sgt. Erskine, Airman Stevens sucked in his breath. "You've lost him, Chet. He's going to crash!"

"GCA, do you read me?" The voice coming through the speaker was pitched near the breaking point.

Chet started talking and was surprised at the calmness of his voice. It didn't match the trip-hammer pounding of his heart. Cheerfully and unhurriedly he began giving instructions.

"I read you MAT-354. You're doing fine. You're on the center line and on the glide path. Steady as you go. One half mile from touchdown." He calculated swiftly, all his faculties concentrating on the unseen plane's descent. This was where experience paid off—he hoped. Then he continued. "You are over the field boundary—now you are over the runway. You are approaching touchdown. Now . . ."

Chet shut his eyes and clenched his fists. He had done all he could. His lips moved in a silent prayer. A long minute passed. Then came the sound he was waiting for, the crackle of the loud speaker. "Hello, GCA,

this is MAT-354." Chet could sense the tension spilling out of the pilot's voice. "We're down okay. Thanks, and God bless you."

Chet leaned back and wearily slipped off the headset. There was a worshipping look in Airman Stevens' eyes.

SUDDENLY Chet jerked erect and straightened his shoulders. A metallic smile touched the corners of his mouth, washing the uncertainty of weeks from his taunt features. Some people could sell real estate, some could run banks and some—well, it took a special kind of guy to bring a plane down safely on a night when even the birds were walking. A man was really lucky when he knew in what niche he fitted.



"You've lost him, Chet. He's going to crash!"

He snatched up his rain jacket and plunged through the door toward the parking lot. There was a screech of rubber as he spun the car in a tight circle. Minutes later he was wheeling into his driveway and braking to an abrupt stop.

Dashing up the steps, he reached for the door and found it opening just ahead of him. Cindy stood framed in the light from the hall lamp.

"Listen, I want to tell you . . ." Chet burst out.

Cindy silenced the angry outpouring with a finger on his lips. "I have a surprise for you," she said softly. Silently she led him into the living room.

Chet halted and his eyes widened. Across the back of the settee was a

brand new tailor-made uniform.

"But . . ." he sputtered.

"A present," smiled Cindy. "I've been watching you build up this head of steam for weeks. It finally got through to me that you simply couldn't stand the thought of leaving the air force. I've been selfish trying to force you into something you aren't fitted for, and wouldn't like if you were."

"But what about . . . ?"

"Andy?" she asked. "That's what I was trying to tell you this afternoon. When he came by this morning I told him to forget about making a salesman out of you."

She handed him the uniform. "Try it on for size, soldier. For better or worse, we're in the air force to stay." ■ ■

ON THE ORIGIN OF BASEBALL

In Genesis we hear much of the big inning (beginning).

Eve stole first; Adam stole second.

Cain made a base hit.

Abraham made a sacrifice.

Noah put the dove out on a fly.

The Prodigal Son made a home-run.

David struck out Goliath.

We hear much of foul flies in Pharoah's time.

We know that Rebecca was in company with a pitcher.

Judas was a base-man.

Jehu's team is highly praised.

We hear of the Egyptians' short stop near the Red Sea.

Ruth and Naomi did good work in the field.

A slave fanned Pharoah.

Justice

Goodness

Our Best

Love

Steps Upward to Faith

By F. B. McALLISTER

IN a dramatic interview, that created widespread interest, a beautiful and talented screen star told the story of her life. She pointed out how in the days of her early youth and even during her subsequent rise to popularity as a celebrity, she was indeed a "mixed-up kid."

In and out of mental institutions, struggling with emotional illnesses, stumbling with the liberties which occasional release might permit, she finally struggled back to health. When asked what influence it was that finally brought soundness and poise, she replied, "Belief in God." Belief in God, and the potent teachings of the church, had chiefly helped to make her whole. The key to her early "mixed-up" condition revealed itself early in the interview as she pointed out that the theme of her first attempt at creative literature was "There is no God!"

Of course, this may have been an

impulsive protest, but it indicates a philosophical slant which has marked the beginning of many personality disintegrations. Not only in adolescents, but in adults, the mood of pessimistic defiance which brushes aside all securities and foundations, is unquestionably the source of unhappy, unhealthy and irresponsible living.

How different the testimony of a young man who had just been promoted to a responsible executive position. Quoting another, he said, "Have you ever arrived late for a play—perhaps in the middle of Act One? If so, you have wished you might come again and begin at the beginning, in order to get the full meaning and experience of the play!" Then, he added, "I begin—with God—with a great dependence upon him for strength, guidance, wisdom and understanding."

"In the beginning God . . ." With-



Official U. S. Navy Photo

Little Donald Haynie, dependent son of Lt. Haynie, Los Angeles, Calif., happily listens to Nurse Ensign Shirley M. Muse, Pomeroy, Iowa, read to him. Scene takes place in an orthopedic ward at the U.S. Naval Hospital, Bethesda, Md.

out that, one starts out into a confused, competitive, and dangerous world without a sustaining cause and a protective armor. Today, no doubt, many who cry out to God in their uncertainty, realize that much of their misery is due to the fact that they have never seized firmly onto Something of eternal worth. A host of men and women are paying a price for having dawdled along impotently without having disciplined themselves to discover the fact of God. Their cluttered lives shout, "There is no God!"

But here is a greater tragedy. Many of these persons have become conditioned to their lostness. Their

manner of living, their environment, their trite—they speak of these as "quaint"—answers to life's issues, their habits of thinking, have so long dispelled any thought of belief in the eternal God, that he is literally gone! And when these folk, in their utter despair, try to grasp hold of Something to hold on to, they find they are bewildered and there seems no place to begin. They have missed the beginnings of things. They always come in at the middle of Act One.

This leads us to ask, What can a person believe? Where can he start so that the way back may not be too extended or too tortuous?

How may a person who has missed or who has lightly considered the importance of foundations find his way back from the known to what, tragically enough, has become the unknown? To those whose honest word is, "Fact is, I don't believe in anything; and I need to, badly," there are known steps. Here are some practical suggestions to the modern who has asked that ancient question, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him." Here's how to fight back to certainty.

I can believe that there is love in the world. Here is a primary, elemental fact which I can accept, and if I do so I have taken a giant step back to belief. We have all known and felt this force—the force of love which is more powerful even than atomic energy. Here is a base upon which any man or woman may stand. Here is a force which is stronger than hate.

Consider, for instance, a mother's love. Is anything stronger? Then, there is the love of a child for his parents; the love of friend for friend; and the love of mate for mate. Indeed, love binds the world together.

Goethe, a famous German, said, "Love grants in a moment what toil can hardly achieve in an age." When the world opens its heart to the command, "Love thy neighbor," barriers will be broken asunder. Where does this force of love come from—this force whose influence saturates the earth and has been felt in every heart? The answer is that it is heaven-sent for "God is love." Love has blessed our lives. We can believe in that. Then, if so, we take

the first step back to belief in God, for love is of God.

Next, we can believe in ourselves at our best. To be sure, there is a lot of mediocrity, a lot of tomfoolery in all of us. But there is also our best. We can believe in that. In those rare moments, when we feel that the noblest has risen in our being, we feel closely akin to God. When there is a call for great sacrifice, we wage the battle and unselfishness wins. Somehow we know that we have a kinship with the Christ of Calvary.

A certain salesman who had been discouraged again and again, finally came to the end of his rope. Then he hit upon a great idea—he would quit selling and start serving. His work picked up; and eventually he became the head of his firm. Of course, that doesn't mean that every salesman is going to become president of the firm. But it does mean that the attitude of service, giving ourselves to others, makes us better workmen. It does mean that when we "let ourselves go and let God," faith takes hold and we quit floundering. We begin to live up to our best, and in that moment we are not far from the kingdom of God.

Once more, I can believe there is goodness and mercy in the world. Surely there is plenty of selfishness and crudeness everywhere to be found. Around us are lazy and indifferent people; some are even mean and cruel. No doubt one reason for our unbelief is the sting of unkindness. So, we are tempted to ask, "Is not life just a racket for most people?"

But this is only one side. People

are good and kind and considerate. There's the bus driver who walked five miles in a blizzard to tell of the thirty-two school children whose lives were endangered in his stalled bus. He lost his life, but the children were saved. There is goodness and mercy in the world. We can believe in that.

Furthermore, I can believe there is judgment and justice in the world. I have known judgment in my own experience when I have done wrong. The world outside of us would be a shambles without an inherent demand for justice. God has so made us that we are free and have the power of choice. But if we choose evil, we pay the penalty for "the wages of sin is death." This is a truth we learn from bitter experience. But it is a truth we accept, for there is implanted within us the desire to see justice prevail.

If injustice and unfairness prevail for a time, we react strongly. We just don't like injustice. Many people have died to correct it. This is the kind of universe God has made and is not our sense of fair play evidence of God's reality?

Finally, I can believe in certain great causes. Doubt flees when I have something to live for. It is the selfish life that is the doubting life. The doubters are those who are "fed up" with life. If a man discovers a cause to live for, he begins to march shoulder-to-shoulder with the very elect on earth. Trumpets start blowing in his heart, and banners wave before his eyes.

Today in life's battles there are too many stragglers who have lost di-

rection; they have no cause to fight for. They have become conditioned to their irresponsibility. A vicious circle has been established. They cannot believe because they are not willing to fight for a better world. There are any number of causes today calling for men's devotion—temperance, world peace, justice, missions, democracy, the church, the kingdom of God. If you'll find an unselfish cause and begin to work for it, you'll find God out there in front.

Are we writing to dull minds when we say, "Begin at the beginning, and you'll lay foundations for a happy, useful satisfying life"? There is too often no sense of God, no sense of beginning. Like Isaiah of old, the man of this generation can say, "I am a man of unclean lips and I live among people of unclean lips." He doesn't know God's language. He has no history of faith. To tell him to believe is almost as impossible as to tell him to fly with the wings of a bird. How do you do it? By believing in these things and living by them, surely we can take the next step—faith in God. Perhaps we will then see that is the step we should have taken from the very first!

There is hope in this point—if we feel desperately in need of help and we start from what we know and move on to the unknown, perhaps these steps I've outlined will help us. Surely we can believe in the reality of love, in man at his best, in the presence of goodness in the world, in man's sense of justice, and in certain great causes.



I Believe

By RICHARD A. JESSE

WE make many assertions about ourselves. We say, "I am this," or "I can do that." But the two words, "I believe," spoken by the Christian in the spiritual sense, constitute the loftiest self-assertion the mind of man can make.

The words should, therefore, never be said rashly or thoughtlessly; they should be said only with a sense of commitment, of dedication, and therefore, with firmness and finality. When we say, "I believe," we should mean: "This, for me, is it! This is what I stake everything on!" We should not mumble these great words on a Sunday morning because others say them around us, or only because we have been taught them, or even because, in the one familiar form, God's people have said them through sunshine and darkness, through victory and seeming catastrophe, through terror and into death, since nearly the days of the Apostles themselves; or, in the

other familiar form, since A.D. 325 at Nicea when the Christian Church reaffirmed its steadfast faith that Christ is God of God and Light of Light, begotten, not made. We should say them only because, like Luther at Worms, we cannot say anything else than what we do say, and do not want to say anything else.

The words, "I believe," are indeed a self-assertion so great that no man can truthfully say them unaided. For the assertion requires an enlightenment, first of all, which alone make it possible for us to see what "eye hath not seen" of "the things which God has prepared for them that love Him," and to know forever that "the things which are seen are temporal" and that only "the things which are not seen are eternal." We need to be sure of an order of reality which is not demonstrable, which lies outside of time and beyond our senses or any instrumental

What do you believe? As you read these articles, make notes and then write down your own beliefs.

extension of them, and which is never conditional by the will of man.

And then, beyond this, we need a courage which we do not own of ourselves. For it involves the courage of trust. When we say, "I believe," we assert that, contrary often to appearance, God can never be anything else than what he says he is. "I believe" means to take what appears to be a risk. It means to leap out into black darkness, when this needs be by divine will, and still to know that in the rayless night there is a light we cannot see, and that precisely in the void beneath, *and nowhere else in the universe*, lies the only safety there is—the safety of God, the safety of his everlasting arms.

Faith is not only the fortitude God gives to walk without sight; it is often the courage to walk at all, to trust when there is nothing to trust but the Word of God! It is what made the feet of the martyrs march to death, though their reluctant legs shook, and their hearts hammered, and their rational minds shouted, "No!" To say, "I believe,"—and mean it—is to believe, therefore, that life often lies only in death, and that sometimes only in the ultimate catastrophe lies the ultimate victory, as Calvary reminds us. To say, "I believe," means to claim a courage which has to be given by the Holy Spirit.

To say, "I believe," means to

claim, as well, a *love* which we do not own of ourselves. To believe means to subdue the ever clamorous self, and then, in the silence, to listen to two voices. It means to listen, first, to the Voice that comes from outside space and time and from beyond the reach of sin. It means ever and ever to listen, as well, to a voice that comes from inside of time and from beneath the curse of sin: the voice of the endless sobbing of the world around us that can finally be comforted only by the reign of God in the life of man. It means to look on human hate and to see, instead, and seeing to forgive, a *fear* that is too afraid to love. It means to look upon the ugly face of envy and to see, instead, the loneliness and loss of self-respect that seeks the cruel way of becoming more by making others less—because it knows no other way. It means to look into the heart of greed and to see a dreadfully empty life that tries to fill its void with *gods* because it has no God.

But to be able, by the grace of God, to say, "I believe," means finally to be able also to look upon the strangely beautiful world of the Kingdom of God and to see it as real and right—the Kingdom of God, where no one lives who has not lost his life, and none can be beautiful except those who have seen their ugliness; where the child is the measure for the man, and the servant is lord; where the halt, the lame, and

the blind are often the strongest and the clearest of sight; where only those who have mourned are comforted, where the humblest are greatest, and the richest are those who have given away all that they have. To believe means to look on the world of the Kingdom that seems upside down and to know it alone is right side up.

And so, when we have finished saying the Creed, we must always pray: "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!"

THE words of the Creed—I believe in God—like all of the rest of its tremendous assertions, from end to end, are in the present tense. They make no reference to any believing of the past, and none to any of the future. They require us to say, over and over again, that we believe in *God* now! In so doing they ask of us something hard—so hard that we can never do their bidding until the Holy Spirit makes our lives his permanent home.

Most of us have little trouble in believing that God has lived and done his wonders in the past, as in the great days of the prophets and apostles. We have likewise little trouble in believing that in days to come he will show his power again. It is the present that often gives our trouble. To believe that God is always present, even when the hooded hours come draped in their dark habiliments of tragedy that seem empty of God and as lonely as our hearts are—this is often hard. Most of all, perhaps, we have trouble seeing God as someone near and real

and serene in the trembling hour of fear. That is why, too, in the moment of anger, of greed, or of lust, we may say things or do things that forever leave us ashamed; for if, in the moment of sin, we had seen Christ standing there, would we still have sinned?

So the present has power to make unbelievers of us all, as it did with the disciples in the storm on Galilee. It hides God from us as neither past nor future can. The present can lie to us, and make us lie to God; and only the present can rob us of our salvation. Therefore it is necessary to our peace to obey the Creed, saying always, "I believe in God" *now*.

God, as we all know, is very real to the child; and one reason, I think, is this that, unlike us, he is not yet skilled in thinking in categories of time, in splitting off the past from the present, and the future from both. The tenses tend to run together for him and so to resemble God's own ageless concept of an everlasting NOW, in which all that has ever been and all that will ever be are simply and forever NOW. This is probably why it is seldom hard to persuade a child that *because* God has been in the past, as his Sunday school stories tell him, he is necessarily and very really in the present, too. Thus he comes home from Sunday school, as he so often does, to comfort unbelieving parents with a lost hope or to convert them by the simple realism of his prayers, in which God is not only the first Person in rank but also the first Person present in point of reality. Sure it is, as the ministry has long known, that souls called earliest

For information about these persons who state their beliefs, see "Who's Who" on page 63.

to the Kingdom are also called the easiest.

Oddly enough, to split the past from the present is to make us suddenly aware, too, of the long future all filled with the urgencies and opportunities, the risks and perplexities, of an earthly career. And so the Creed, with its emphasis on the present and its present God, is choked, together with the rest of the Word of God, by the brambles and briars of ambition and anxiety. Only the sense of a God-in-the-present is able to leave the outcomes of the future in the hands of the Father who has never forgotten the lilies of the field nor the birds of the air. Else God remains a thing of the past to be forgotten, on the one hand; and, on the other, a thing of the future to be remembered some day perhaps, but not yet when so much of the future remains.

This explains death-bed repentances. They come by shock, so to say—the shock of suddenly having no future left in which to keep God imprisoned away from life and from reckoning, and of learning that He is ever the Lord of every man's present, from whom there is, therefore, no final hiding place.

On the other hand it can be, and

by God's intention should be, a blessed thing, as well, to see the future folding back into the present, where it belongs. One of the privileges of my early ministry was to serve one day with other pastors as a pall-bearer at the funeral of a much older and a very saintly and respected minister who had died of cancer—cancer of the throat. His grown son told me afterward that, for days before he died, his father had lost his voice, his vocal chords apparently gone. Then one day, just before he died, he summoned his family and, raising himself up, as he had not been able to do, he *spoke* to them of heaven as though it were a present reality for him, and urged them never to fall away from their Savior. How he could *speak*, I do not know—although there may have been nothing whatever miraculous about it. But how he could speak as he did I think we do know. It was because, for him, too, the future had become forever the present and, with the past, was eternally folded in the endless mercy and in the sunshine of God's everlasting NOW.

This, too, is why we must be able to say, every day of our lives: "I believe, *now*, in God who ever was and is and evermore will be!" ■ ■

EVERYBODY HELPS

"Just what good have you done for humanity?" asked the judge before passing sentence on the pickpocket.

"Well," replied the confirmed criminal, "I've kept three or four detectives working regularly."

"I Must Discipline Myself . . ."

By CARL ERSKINE

Courtesy Fellowship of Christian Athletes



Carl Erskine

TAKING things for granted is a common mistake among most of us. We are so wrapped up in working toward material goals that we aren't really conscious of our greatest assets. We take for granted even the natural talents we have.

When I was a small boy I suddenly realized I could throw a baseball harder than most of my buddies. I had not earned the right to have that added something which made me stand out. It was just there, all mine, waiting for development and use.

The same story is true in everyone, in varying degrees, perhaps, but nevertheless we all possess qualities that are our own to develop and use. Why, then, shouldn't we realize that these talents are God-given and go a step further by believing they should be God-directed?

We should all be more than just casually thankful for our lives and our abilities. Being prayerfully thankful is a good start. Recognizing our responsibility to those we influence is

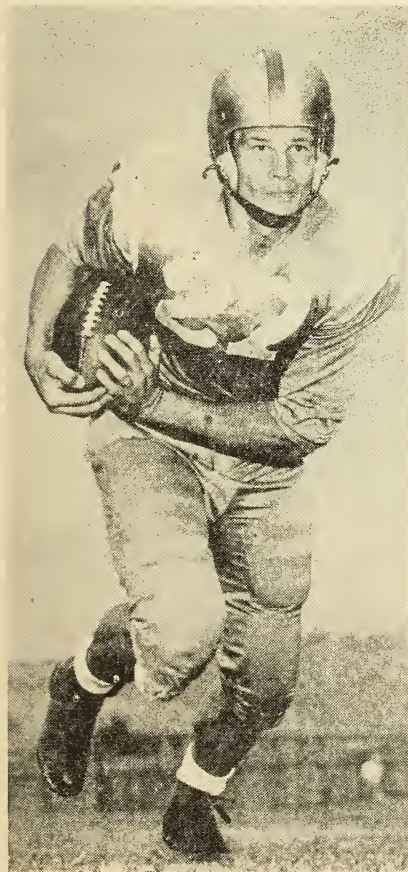
another step in the right direction. But the genuine move is to profess a complete faith in Christ and determine to follow his way of life and to let our lives be directed by his teachings. When we come to the realization that he is the Way, the Truth, and the Life we are leading our lives in the right direction and can know that our God-given talents are God-directed.

I have found that growing spiritually is much the same as growing physically or mentally. When we baseball players start spring training each winter in Florida, I must discipline myself to do certain physical tasks—running, throwing, sleeping, eating, and the like. Similarly, I have found I must discipline myself if I expect to grow and mature in the realm of the spiritual. The church is the training camp of the Christian and the clergyman is the manager who directs us in our work and play as we seek to find and do the will of God for our lives. ■ ■

“Playing on the Christian Team”

By BOB DAVENPORT

PLAYING on a great football team such as UCLA's is truly a privilege and a thrill. But there is a greater team than our Bruin Club or any other ball club. That is the great Christian team. The Bible promises



Bob Davenport

anyone who follows the plays that Christ calls a finer life in this world and eternal life in the future. Christ says, “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man comes unto the Father but through me.”

In John 4:10, we see Christ suggesting to the Samaritan woman that the greatest gift was the water of life which he would give her if she asked for it.

In Romans 6:23, Paul defines clearly what the gift of God is. “For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.” More than one-half of the people I’ve met have never heard the gospel message, have never discovered that eternal life comes through Jesus Christ and only through him.

How many of you, how many of your buddies or friends are without the gift of God? Too many are without this knowledge that God loves them and sent his Son to die for their sins. This is where we, as members of Christ’s team, come in. It is our duty and privilege to tell those who are in the same position as the Samaritan woman how truly great it is to know Christ as Lord and Savior. He is the One through whom the gift of God is acquired.

So, if you know Christ as your Savior, tell others of God’s wonderful gift. And, if you don’t know Christ as your Savior, now is the time to receive him and let this gift be yours. ■ ■



"God Has Top Spot"

By DOAK WALKER

MY parents made it clear to me that sports were not the most important thing in life. God had top spot in our family. We said the blessings before every meal and prayed together over problems of the day, for our family and friends . . . and world peace. I have never been ashamed of my complete faith in God."



POOR WILLIE

*Poor Willie on a summer's day
With an A-bomb began to play.
There was a boom, and now, I guess
He hasn't much togetherness.*

—Tom Pease

"I'd Do It Again"

By WILLIAM H. LILJEGREN

ABOUT a month before discharge in 1945, after three years in the navy, I began to think seriously about my Christian responsibilities. My brother Bob had quoted those needling words of the Apostle Paul about being crucified with Christ, yet being alive, Christ living in him.

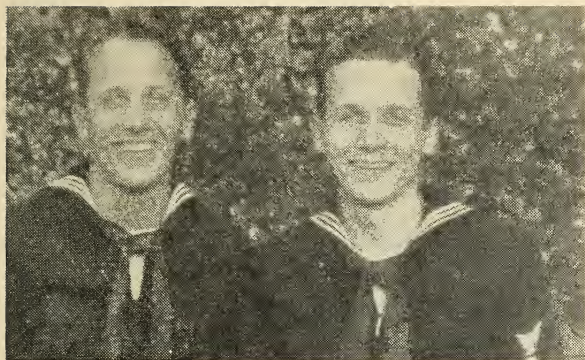
That, plus a Christian home, a fine church and pastors, Christian friends, service experiences—and a never-resting conscience kept me on the defense trying to resist God's call to become a minister.

Some thirty-three months later my defenses wilted, and I resigned from a promising position in industry and entered college a few months later in February, 1949.

Those next years weren't always the happiest, I must admit: study after an eight-year "vacation," part-time employment, a growing family and barrels of midnight study oil. The discipline was rigid, but I'd do it again. I'd like to have seven more years for a more complete preparation.

The ministry is more inclusive than I'd ever suspected—more responsibilities, more details, more hours, more preparation, but also more happiness and satisfaction. The church needs dedicated, equipped men. I hope that I have or am in the process of attaining the qualifications.





Bill and Bob Liljegen

"New Life Began in Me"

By ROBERT E. LILJEGREN

UPON graduation from high school, I was inducted into the navy during World War II. For the first time in my life I was free from the restraints of community, church and home. I began to misuse my new freedom, thinking that it gave me license to do many things that had been considered wrong in the Christian home of my parents. However, after the novelty of my independence had worn off and the excitement of my "worldly" living was gone, I sensed an emptiness, loneliness, and desperate need such as I had never known before.

One evening, while wandering rather aimlessly, I chanced upon a Christian Servicemen's Center. I entered and found a friendly welcome. I returned time and time again, and the lives of the young Christian servicemen that I met there brought judgment to me. They were anxious to live for Christ at all times, in all

places, in all ways. I saw that I had to make a complete commitment to Christ if I hoped to have what they had. I made that decision. New life began in me.

Along with this came the decision to prepare for the ministry. I wanted others to have what I now had, and I desired to study so that I would be better able to proclaim the message. Discharge from the navy; four years of college; three years of seminary; two years of internship; graduation; and then the satisfaction of having my first church.

A long period of training, some headaches and heartaches, a few personal disadvantages, but nothing compares with the privilege of serving God by serving mankind. I was once found by the "God (who) was in Christ reconciling the world to himself." Now it is my privilege to tell others of this same Christ. All men need him!

■ ■

The Faith and Hope of an American

By FRANK P. GRAHAM

IN the fulfilment of her heritage of freedom and hope of brotherhood may America more and more be a land in which free people become brothers in the sight of God and in the human heart. Here the autonomy of the human spirit, the freedom of the mind, the liberty of inquiry, speech, publication, association, enterprise, work and worship, together with a personal sense of moral and social responsibility, are essential to the dignity of the free individual in whom are the security of the state, the welfare of the people and the progress of civilization. Here the best answer to the totalitarianism of the police state is not scrapping the Bill of Rights but keeping the faith of our historic Americanism. In this land the equal freedom of people to organize for self-development, cooperation and creative participation in the agricultural, industrial, commercial, political, professional, cultural and religious life is now the moving frontier of our dynamic democracy. In the general life the daily toil of millions of men and women is above privilege and power, and the integrity of simple people is beyond price.

May this America be a land where the home, as the sanctuary of love,

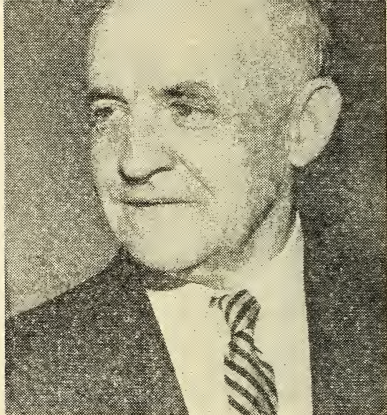


Photo by United Nations

Dr. Frank Porter Graham

nurture and faith, is the source and measure of civilization, and the schools, libraries and playgrounds of the people are the chief hope of the equal opportunity of all the children in all the states to develop to the highest their individual capacities for a unified and useful life. In the cities, the towns and the country may the multiplication and acceleration of the mechanical contacts of civilization increasingly mean the enjoyment of leisure and recreation, the widening of information and sympathies, and the deepening of the cultural and spiritual content of the lives of the people. The commonwealth not only means the common responsibilities for the conservation and development of the natural resources and cultural heritage for this generation and the generations to come, but also more and more means the common opportunities of the people for free information, sound knowledge, equal suffrage, fair employment, decent standards of life and labor, social security against the hazards of modern

society, good health and medical care within the reach of the people.

IN this land of liberty, for which our fathers died, and for which we would live, work and give our all, may America become a country in which the highest and the lowest and all the people equally together have the freedom to struggle for the higher freedom of truth, goodness and beauty; where democracy is without vulgarity, excellence is without arrogance, the answer to error is not terror and the response to a difference in color, race, religion, ideas, economic condition or social status is not discrimination, exploitation or intimidation. Here is humility of repentance for our own wrongs, freedom of indignation against injustice and evil in places high or low, and courage in action for human decency and fair play. Our democracy is made fairer and stronger by the robust struggles of freedom, and life is made richer by the vigor and variety of the differences of the people. Where and when men are free, the way of progress is not subversion, the respect for the past is not reaction, and the hope of the future is not revolution; where the majority is without tyranny, the minority without fear, and all people have hope of building together a nobler America in a freer and fairer world.

These toiling and hopeful people, as pioneers along the free frontiers of the vast wilderness of our yet unmastered international society, seek to prevent both the destruction of human freedom and the self-destruction of civilization and to share their

generous strength for peace on earth and good will among men. In a dynamic world, in which a depression or a war anywhere involves human beings everywhere, the people of the American dream, against the lags of the conceptions of the absolute state, the superior race and the master class, patiently struggle in the atomic age through the United Nations, through regional re-enforcements of collective security, through economic cooperation and technical assistance programs, to end all wars and all depressions and to provide the basis for the self-determination and equal opportunity of all people. On the fresh continents of abundant resources, fronting East and West on the two great oceans between the Old World and the New, the people of America are the grateful heirs of all the ages, races, regions, cultures, and hopes of mankind. With all their faults, frustrations and aspirations these people of this youthful nation would rise to the responsibility of their power and the opportunity for their greatness to help give fresh hopes to stricken peoples for food and freedom and to help organize justice under law and peace among nations. In creative cooperation with all peoples, East and West, the American people would share their heritage, their toil, their strength and their dream in the unresting adventure of the human spirit in the long pilgrimage toward one world neighborhood of human brotherhood in answer to the prayers of the people for peace, freedom and justice on God's good earth.

10 Per Cent Ballplayer

By EDGAR WILLIAMS

IN all of baseball history, few world series have been more astonishing than that of 1954. For in that series the favored Cleveland Indians weren't merely upset by the

underdog New York Giants. They were blasted.

The Giants won the series in four straight games, a feat roughly comparable to a one-round knockout in a heavyweight championship fight. The clincher came in Cleveland on a Saturday afternoon, and most of the gleeful Giants remained in the Ohio city for a victory celebration that night.

All but one of the Giants, that is.

Alvin Dark, the team's shortstop and field captain, dressed hurriedly after the game, went to the airport and boarded a plane bound for New York.

At nine-thirty the next morning, October 3, 1954, Dark made a brief address before the Sunday school of the Baptist Church in Yonkers, New York, where he and his family had attended services during the baseball season. He had made the engagement several weeks earlier, with the understanding that if the world series were not over by October 2, his appearance would be postponed.

"But," he remarked that morning, "after we had won the third straight game, I knew that I would be able to be here today. We all knew that nothing could stop us."

Then Dark spoke of Christian responsibility, giving particular emphasis to a subject that, like the weather, a lot of people talk about but relatively few do much about:

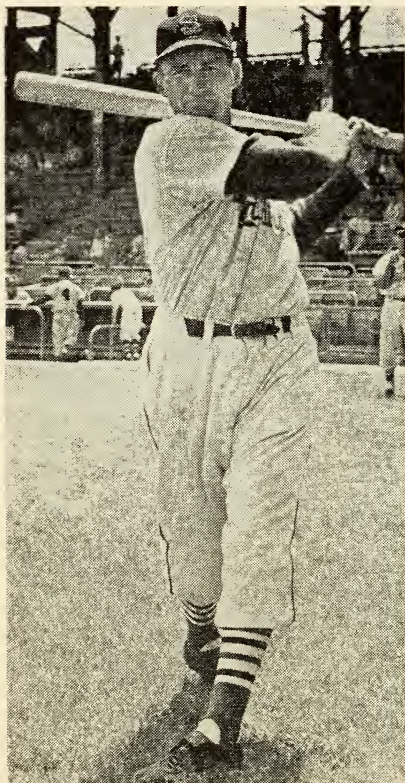


Photo by St. Louis Cardinals

Al Dark

the practice of tithing—the giving of ten per cent of one's income to God.

"When I was a boy," he said, "I earned my first money delivering newspapers. I got \$2.50 a week, and every Sunday I put a quarter on the offering plate at church. I have tithed ever since. When I receive my share of the world series money, I will give a tenth of it to my home church in Lake Charles, Louisiana."

From the winners' share of the 1954 World Series receipts, each Giant received \$11,147. Therefore, Alvin Dark's contribution to the Trinity Baptist Church in Lake Charles amounted to more than \$1,000. This is in addition to his regular contribution during the regular season, which can be figured on the basis of the estimated \$35,000 salary he drew from the Giants.

Alithe (5 feet 11½ inches, 180 pounds), ruggedly handsome man, Dark now is a member of the Chicago Cubs, to whom he was traded last May. Only the uniform has been changed. Al Dark remains an all-out, hustling ballplayer and a "working" Christian who plays and lives according to the rules.

Dark's remarks about tithing before that Sunday school group in Yonkers were given widespread publicity, and this was somewhat surprising to Al. He is neither a show-off nor a holier-than-thou person. What he expressed was a deeply personal thing, and he found it hard to conceive that it should rate so much attention on the sports pages.

"This is how I feel about tithing," he says. "I do it because it is part of

the Christian way of life. I was taught that it would not bring me riches, but that it would bring me God's blessing. I have found that to be true. I have always felt that, regardless of what I was doing, I wasn't by myself. I had help. I know I will always have that help.

"It might be argued that this help I've been given has brought me material rewards because it made me a better ballplayer. But I wouldn't want any young athlete to feel that he can be successful on the field just by attending church on Sunday. Christian living goes much deeper. In my own case, I know that leading a full Christian life has made me a better man."

Around the National League, the thirty-five-year-old Dark is known as "a ballplayer's ballplayer," a genuine professional who comes up with the key hit or the big play in the clutch. Looking at him now, it is difficult to believe that Al was sickly as a child. Born at Comanche, Oklahoma, he lived there and in Texas before his father, a production man in the oil fields, was assigned to a supervisory job with an oil company in Lake Charles. Until he entered high school, young Alvin was plagued with diphtheria and malaria, and was unable to participate in sports.

At Lake Charles High School, however, Dark bloomed athletically. By the time he was graduated in 1941, he was an all-state halfback in football, as well as an outstanding basketball player. The school's sports program didn't include baseball, but Al played shortstop on the town team in the summers.

ENTERING Louisiana State University, Dark became a big-time athlete almost overnight. As a nineteen-year-old sophomore in 1942, he moved into LSU's first-string football backfield. One of his teammates was Steve Van Buren, who was to become one of professional football's all-time greats with the Philadelphia Eagles in the late Forties. Sophomore Dark was so good that he displaced Van Buren as the team's breakaway ball-carrier.

The following winter, Al joined the Marines and was assigned to Southwestern Louisiana Institute for training. He played baseball there that spring, attracting the attention of major league scouts. In the fall, he played football for SLI, and was named to almost every All-American team chosen in 1943.

Then the Marines shipped Dark to the South Pacific, where he served as a second lieutenant. Even then, he sent ten per cent of his service pay each month to his church.

Out of the service in 1946, Al was a very popular fellow with scouts from both professional baseball and football. Baseball got him; Dark signed with the then Boston Braves (now Milwaukee) for a bonus of \$40,000. He played a few games for Boston in what was left of the season, then went back to Lake Charles to marry his childhood sweetheart, pretty Adrienne Managan.

Al and Adrienne had been going steady since they first met at a Youth Fellowship meeting at the Trinity Baptist Church. They now have three children: two daughters, Allison, 10, and Eve, 6, and a son, Gene,

who is 7. As you might expect, the children attend Sunday school regularly, and no meal at the Dark table begins without a recital of grace.

In 1947, Boston sent Al to its farm club at Milwaukee, then in the American Association, one step below the major leagues. After the season, Dark returned to Southwestern Louisiana Institute to complete his college work, and the following year went to the majors to stay. He was one of the principal factors in Boston's winning the 1948 National League pennant, and was voted the league's "Rookie of the Year."

FOLLOWING the 1949 season, Boston traded Dark to the Giants. Leo Durocher, the New York manager, immediately appointed Al the field captain of the team.

"How come," a sports writer asked Durocher, "that you put such a responsibility on a guy who has been in the majors only two seasons?"

"He's the man for the job," Durocher replied. "Dark is a take-charge type of player, a natural leader."

In 1951, when the Giants rallied miraculously late in the season to win the pennant, Dark was the spark plug. Again, in 1954, it was Dark who was the steady man of the team as New York won both the pennant and the world series. The brilliant Willie Mays got more attention that year, but baseball men will tell you that Dark was the balance wheel. Last season, with the Cardinals, Al did much to keep his team in the pennant race until the Milwaukee Braves pulled away in late September.

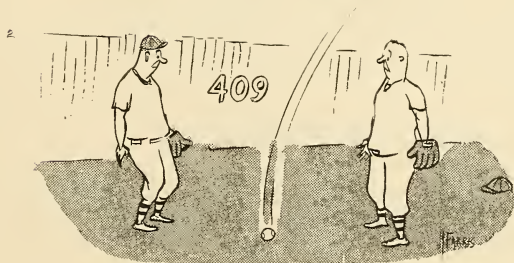
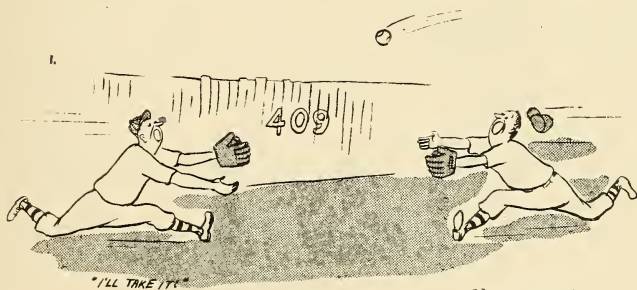
Dark is a team man in the fullest sense. It has been said of him that "he never knows his own batting average," and this is a compliment. What it means is that, to Al, his hits are merely instruments that make runs for his team. He can make five hits in five at-bats during a game, but if his team doesn't win, Al feels no real sense of accomplishment.

Many another athlete has been accounted "washed up" at the age of thirty-five, but Dark is still going strong. He keeps himself in good condition, watches his diet during the off-season and never dissipates.

Few ballplayers do more in work-

ing with young people than does Dark. He is an accomplished speaker, and he has a way with youngsters. He doesn't try to preach to them. He talks simply and sincerely about Christian principles, applying understandable examples from the field he knows best—sports.

"Since I first picked up a baseball," Al says, "I have believed I was meant to be a major leaguer—and for one reason. In no other way open to me could I have grown up to have the opportunity to work with so many young people of all faiths. It is a great challenge—and I welcome it." ■ ■



The Faith of a Beauty Queen

By LARRY FITZGERALD

**A story of brains, beauty and talent which
will increase your faith in young America.**

RAIN is not unusual for Washington, D.C., but I was sorry it had to rain the day of my interview with June Roberta Cook, Miss District of Columbia for 1957-58. I wanted to take some pictures. Yes, I know you can take interesting pictures in the rain—but I wanted the lights and shadows. Then to cap it all, the flash on the camera I'd rented didn't work. I arrived at the music hall, American University, where Miss Cook is a student, ten minutes before the interview time which was 12:30 P.M. I sat down on a bench in a small outside hallway and tried out all the tricks I knew to get the flash to work. But the stubborn flash gun refused to trip the shutter and there I sat disconsolate.

Just then an attractive brunette with a scarf on her head and a light brown raincoat around her trim five-six body pushed the door open from the inside and stepped out into the hallway.

I asked, "Do you know June Roberta Cook? I have an appointment with her."

"I do," she said amiably. "I am June Roberta Cook and I've been inside looking for you."

"Where can we go to talk?" I

asked. She suggested we might sit down at the snack bar and talk over a cup of coffee, but I had visions of twenty interruptions by people saying, "Hello, June. What you doing, June? Had you heard, June?" and so I said, "Let's just sit right here."

I called attention to my predicament—I wanted pictures but the flash wouldn't work. "Perhaps you can borrow some pictures from Radio Station WWDC. They took many of them last year."

WWDC conducts each year the contest to select a beauty queen to represent the District of Columbia at the Atlantic City Miss America Pageant.

We sat in silence a moment as I wondered just how to begin. "THE LINK, a magazine for military personnel," I handed her a copy, "is publishing in August a series of articles entitled 'I Believe.' We want to point up the faith of a statesman, some major league sportsmen, a teacher, and a beauty queen. You're elected because you're so near, and so I've come to talk to you about your faith. I hope we can talk honestly and sincerely and not professionally. What is the faith of a beauty queen?"

Now a lot of people think of a



beauty queen in terms of the physical figure alone. But the eleven judges of the Miss District of Columbia contest judge on four points (25 per cent for each point): beauty of face; beauty of figure; talent; and personality.

Miss District of Columbia ranks high on the first two points, I can assure you. You can see for yourself as you look at her pictures. She's a striking beauty that makes you turn your head, not once but twice—or as many times as you can. Five feet six inches high weighing a trim 105 pounds (she has lost twelve pounds since the beauty contest), light brown hair that looks red in the sunlight, greenish-blue eyes, and a friendly smile, she is every inch a beauty queen!

Even though she's an outstanding beauty, I'd say she won the contest on talent and personality. You don't know June Cook really until you sit down and talk with her. Then you learn something of her inner beauty.

I had picked up background material from Frank Reed, Program Director of WWDC and from the pages of last August's issues of *The Washington Post*. I checked on these:

Born June 8, 1937 in Washington D.C. Began studying piano at the age of six. Attended Washington-Lee High School, Arlington, Va. ("Did you put the hyphen in?" she asked.) Played with the high school band. Was principal violinist in a high school orchestra which played for dances and earned money to support herself in college. Attended Madison College, Harrisburg, Va. Belongs to Sigma-Sigma-Sigma Sorority. Run-

ner-up in Miss Shenandoah Valley Beauty Contest in 1956. One of the nine finalists in the Miss District of Columbia Contest for 1956. Chosen Miss District of Columbia at the Capitol Theater, August 12, 1957.

She had told earlier interviewers: "I'm very proud to be Miss Washington. There's no place in the world I'd rather represent."

"Now, let's get to the real point . . . What is your faith? What do you really believe? First, tell me your religious background."

"Although I was born in Washington, D.C., in my early life we lived in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where I was a member of the Covenant Evangelical United Brethren Church. I often played the piano in church; and sometimes played the violin. At one time I was president of the Christian Endeavor."

I wondered what experiences in the church had most influenced her life. She said, "Church camping, and my decision to join the church. For eight years I attended Mt. Gretna, our church camp. During my last summer at this camp, one of the counselors fell and broke her leg; and they asked me to be a counselor in her place. It was a wonderful experience for me. Then later, on March 21, 1948, I joined the church."

I marveled that she remembered the exact date. "Oh, that's nothing. My parents gave me a locket with the date inscribed on it; and that's why I can remember it so well."

But now—what is your church now? "When we moved to Arlington, Va., we joined the Trinity Presbyterian Church where the Reverend

Wm. H. Foster is pastor. I must say honestly that going to church doesn't necessarily inspire me to great heights, though sometimes it does. Nevertheless, through the years God has been very real to me. I can talk with him just like I talk with one of my girl friends."

"Talk with God?"

"Yes," she replied. "I do not mean monastical contemplation. I mean the daily practice of religion. It is not something to argue about; it is something to live. As a pianist, I know I must practice daily or I get rusty. You must apply Christianity to your daily living. You see, you've got to live with this thing. You take the basic steps and then you add more."

I thought of the Bible's statement about moving "from faith unto faith."

She said, "And the best way to learn really is to teach somebody else."

The steps upward toward faith are often church steps, as Miss District of Columbia has discovered in her life.



I've learned a lot in teaching my third-graders." June teaches music to forty third-graders. "They learn from me and then they go home and tell their parents. We make things so difficult, but Christianity is simple. It is following Christ."

What did Miss District of Columbia think about men?

"I am not going steady. I like to go with different types of fellows—and there are different types. I may go with an athlete who pleases me when he takes me to a tennis match. I may go with an aesthetic type who takes me to an art gallery. I may have a date with an intellectual boy who is interested in bright conversation." June would make him a good companion; her scholastic standing is 3.8 out of a possible 4.

"My father is an example of the kind of man I'd like to marry." Her father is Assistant Naval Inspector General at the Pentagon. "He isn't the man who simply wants 'pipe and slippers' every night. He's active. He's intelligent. He's a good Christian. He can do anything—build a picket fence, clean house, change baby diapers. He's understanding. He gets along with people. He has shown me how to live."

I looked up from my notes to see that the rain had stopped and that the sun was breaking through the sky. Miss Washington, D.C. had talked freely and easily and I was thrilled with what I'd heard. I felt I had the key to her faith. Now was the time to take pictures.

June is a photographer's dream—relaxed, easy to instruct, and photogenic.

With her beauty encased in Kodak Panchromatic film, I suggested we take time for lunch and we drove in her car to a nearby restaurant. Over a meal of brisket of beef, I discovered her interest in many, many things—food, politics, people, everything that goes on in the world. One other thing I ventured to ask her:

“What about the future?”

“It’s back to Madison College for me next year. More music. More education. A home.”

I really didn’t need much help on

this point, for as I bade her good-by, I saw not just a winner of a beauty contest—but a beautiful young woman, poised, intelligent, mentally healthy, and spiritually alert. June Roberta Cook, every inch a queen!

As I walked away, her words kept coming back to me: “God has been very real to me . . . you’ve got to live with this thing . . . the best way to learn is to teach somebody else.”

This is young America at its finest!
This is young America with faith!

An illustration of two men in suits, one shorter and one taller, standing side-by-side. They are positioned to the left of a large rectangular frame containing text. The frame has a decorative border of small dots.

He who would excel
in the realm of thought
must not tarry
in the domain
of dollars

... Elbert Hubbard

The Blacksmith and the Monster

By GLEN F. STILLWELL

**It is the nature of fishermen to exaggerate
but this story sounds like it is exactly the truth.**

THE sound, the sight and the feeling of that August day is with me still, even now after all these years, and I have only to close my eyes to visualize the scene. The quiet, uncluttered landscape seasonally festooned with goldenrod and hollyhock while gleaming sumac grew waist high beside the river road. And over all, the ambient country air laced with an unforgettable fragrance, honey sweet, yet spiced with the pungent odor of drying grass and parched wild flowers.

But more sharply etched in memory is the sound of staccato voices and the patter of bare feet in the cooling dust of the shady lane. The voices of the three young explorers, Duke Bennett, Babe Hemphill, and I, Art Small, were breaking with excitement, for that hour we had made a memorable discovery: a catfish of unbelievably monstrous proportions. We had seen him stirring the muddy water in Johnson's ditch, an arm of the river. The channel from the ditch to the river had all but vanished during the dry weather and the fish couldn't escape. But it would take more than all of our combined strength and skill to get him out of that hole.

We knew where we could get help but this was not what drove us in such haste to the village. Big Ed Dimelling, the deputy sheriff, had seen us staring into the water soon after I had lost a huge fish hook that I owned.

On seeing us that afternoon, Ed had reined in his horse. "What you kids up to?" he called from his buckboard on the road. "You fixin' to swim in that hole 'thout any clothes?"

We mumbled an unintelligible reply then scooted away to avoid further questioning but we knew somehow that he'd divine our secret and maybe get the fish before we could.

WE'VE got to tell Gus about it," Duke grunted, voicing our thoughts, as we trotted to town. "But nobody else. Gus'll make us a hook."

Gus Schrieber was a blacksmith, a tall, broad hulk of a man with a bristling mustache that entirely hid his mouth. But despite his stern aspect we knew him for the mild jovial man that he was. Boyhood's Herculean hero, he could straighten a horseshoe with his bare hands, build a box kite, repair a bike, tell a hundred tales and yet keep a secret.

He was busy that day, I remem-

ber, but promised to go with us after supper for a look at our fish. "You call him Goliath, eh?" he chuckled. "Well, he'd better be as big as that monster. I'm not interested in minnows."

The flaming fingers of twilight were holding back the darkness as we paced Gus to the ditch later that evening and there was still ample light to see the thing we most dreaded. Propped against the lone cottonwood tree shading the hole, was Ed Dimelling. He had heavy tackle in use and we knew he had seen Goliath.

"Keep those kids away from here, Gus," he said, as we drew near. "There's an old cat in here big enough to drag 'em all in the water."

Unworried, Gus held a match to his pipe. "You ain't got the fish posted, have you?" he asked softly, slapping a mosquito.

Ed's frown deepened. "Part of my job is to keep folks out of mischief," he muttered, "and these kids—" He broke off sharply as his line moved slowly outward. Breathlessly we watched until Ed snapped his arms back, setting the hook. The line slashed through his fingers and then snapped like a kite string when he tried to check it. He stared at the dangling line then turned to us as though we were to blame.

"I'll get that fish yet," he shouted. "He's mine. I'll get him if I have to get Jim Harris to hog him out of there."

"In water that deep?" Gus said, then added, "Why don't you let the boys catch that fish? They saw him first and they'll figure out a way to

land him if you'll give them a chance."

In answer, Ed turned slowly and shook a fat finger at us. "You kids stay away from here," he warned. "This fish is mine. I've known about him for a week. I was just waiting for low water so's I could get him out easily."

Since he had no more heavy tackle, Ed left the hole shortly and we trudged homeward in the moonlight listening to Gus's sage advice. "You boys will get that fish yet," he said. "All you need is the proper tackle. I'll make you a hook tonight that will stop him. Be on hand first thing in the morning and if you're at that hole before Ed arrives he can't stop you."

SLIPPING out of the house at dawn the following day, I padded swiftly over to the blacksmith shop but was chagrined to find my friends waiting for me. To retain our admiration, Gus arrived earlier than usual. The hook he had made was hand forged, oil tempered, and ground to needle sharpness.

"If your fish gets this in his mouth," Gus said, "he'll not throw it out in a hurry, that's a fact."

"Ain't you going with us?" Duke asked.

Gus shook his head, "Can't make it until this afternoon," he said. "You go ahead; I'll be along later in the day."

In the coolness of the early morning, we hurried down the river road with but a single thought, to beat Ed to the cottonwood tree. When at last we glimpsed it we broke into a



"If your fish gets this in his mouth," Gus said, "he'll not throw it out in a hurry, that's a fact."

run only to pull up short on seeing Ed, back against the tree, line in the water. He gave us little notice.

Luckily Goliath wasn't active that morning and when the sun climbed higher, Ed wound up his line and left us with a warning. "I'm coming back," he said. "You kids stay away from there."

Duke wanted to try out the hook but Babe and I held back. We didn't want to risk losing it while Gus wasn't around. It was well that we did because Ed returned shortly in company with Jim Harris, the tall Negro. Jim made a living hogging fish, that is, he'd wade into shallow, muddy water where likely you'd find carp or catfish. On feeling a fish with his bare feet, he'd reach down, slip his fingers through its gills and flip it out of the water onto the bank.

After Jim had shed most of his clothing, he seized a heavy rope and turned to Ed. "I'll get that fish for you, Mister Ed," he declared with a grin.

"How you figuring on doing it?" asked a voice. It was Gus. He had come up quietly and was watching the proceedings with great interest. "You'd better be careful, Jim," he warned. "The water's deep in that hole and nobody's actually seen that cat; just saw something stirring in the water. Maybe it ain't a fish. Could be some strange water monster."

Jim was not easily discouraged. Still grinning, he waded into the shallow end of the ditch and circled back. The water deepened but he kept moving toward us until only his head showed above the surface. Tied to the end of the rope was a piece of stiff wire and it was apparent that Jim meant to shove the wire through the fish's gill. This done, he'd twist it back around the rope and secure his catch.

While we watched Jim tensely, Ed gripped the other end of the rope. After drawing a deep breath, Jim submerged. I saw a swirling

eddy and a series of waves ringing the muddy pool. Suddenly the water erupted violently. The rope flipped through Ed's hand and then Jim's head broke the surface of the pool.

"That old fish got me, Mister Ed," Jim gasped, his eyes popping. "Dun chawed off my arm." He lunged forward until he reached shallow water. Then I saw his wounded arm. From the elbow down, it seemed to be oozing blood.

"Come out of there, you fool!" Ed yelled, snatching the limp rope. Jim staggered to the bank and fell groaning.

"You've still got your arm," Gus assured him. "It's just mauled a bit. What happened?"

Jim was speechless. He lay there, sputtering and groaning while Gus quickly bandaged his mangled arm.

Ed kept firing questions until Jim found voice. "I felt him down there on the bottom," he said. "He was layin' quiet and ah shoved the wire in his mouth, feeling for his gills, but he clamped down on my arm."

"That wasn't the way to do it," Ed shouted. "You was going to shove the wire through his gills. Why didn't you do it the right way?"

"Ed, will you please shut up," Gus cried. "Take this fellow to a doctor. Don't just stand there and argue."

WE helped Jim into the buckboard and Ed drove off. "He'll be all right," Gus said as we turned back toward the hole. "Now's our chance to catch that fish."

By then I was filled with a nameless fear of that unseen monster and

my hands shook as I held the hook while Gus baited it with spoiled liver. His drawling tones reassured me and I watched him with mounting excitement as he attached a length of piano wire to the hook then fastened the wire to our rope. Babe quickly snatched the end of the rope.

"Not so fast," Gus said. "Here, we'll do it this way." He looped the rope around the tree and gave the free end to us then he tossed the other end, with the hook attached, into the water. This done, he sat down quietly with the rope between his knees.

We waited for perhaps five minutes. The rope moved slightly but that was all. "He's still on the bottom," Gus said. "An old cat like that likes to take things easy."

Minutes dragged by, then the rope slid outward slowly, then more briskly. Gus scrambled to his feet and jerked it sharply. "Hold on, boys!" he yelled. The rope leaped and we felt the force of it as we took up the slack.

"Snub him! Snub him!" Gus cried. He fell forward, then recovered his balance and dug his heels into the ground. In the excitement we had released the rope, and it whipped about sending a shower of dirt and pebbles into the water. We quickly recovered it and looped it around the tree. It was taut momentarily, but then slacked as the fish plunged toward the shore. Gus backed off, yelping instructions.

I don't know to this day how we managed to keep the rope reasonably tight, but somehow we did and



"Hold on, boys!" he yelled.

finally Goliath eased up a bit. "He's in the mud now," Gus said. "We'll have to horse him out, but take it slow. Walk along the bank and ease him into shallow water."

Goliath was as docile as an ox until his back showed above water, then he made a final lunge and the rope burned through Gus's fingers. But now we were ready for him and we quickly turned him around.

Shouting orders, Gus grabbed a heavy club and quickly put an end to the monster as its head broke water. We hauled the quivering mass to the bank and then stared at it with unbelieving eyes.

"He'll weigh a hundred and seven pounds," Gus declared, breaking the awed silence. His guess was ten pounds over the actual weight.

AS we stood there trying to estimate the monster's age, we heard the rattle of Ed's approaching buckboard. Almost before the horse stopped, Ed twisted the reins around the whip socket, leaped to the ground and came charging toward us.

"By thunder!" he cried. "You stole my fish. You and those kids."

I saw Gus's fingers tighten around the club. "This fish," he said, "belongs to these boys and I mean to see that they get credit for catching it."

Ed hesitated. "All right!" he growled finally. His eyes narrowed and he turned to Duke who was nearest him. "I'll give you a five dollar gold piece for him," he offered.

Duke's mouth flapped open, but he said nothing.

"Ten dollars," Ed added. It was

a lot of money in those days but riches, in that hour of triumph, were a mere detail.

"The boys ain't sellin' this fish just yet," Gus said, "but you can haul him into town. That ought to please you."

Ed stared at the fish, then looked at Gus. He grinned. "All right," he said. "Put him in the buckboard. Guess I've been a bad sport."

Ellisville old timers still remember that fish and how it was caught. To me it loomed larger in memory

than in actuality, and it is difficult to keep from adding imaginary pounds to its weight. It seems to be the nature of a fisherman to exaggerate and when the "catch" is so huge that it cannot be reasonably "loaded," he feels let-down somehow; lost in a skeptical world of cocked eyebrows and crooked smiles. Naturally, we had no camera and Gus, whom you might have believed, is long gone and his fine hand-forged hook lost in the limbo of time.

■ ■

WANTED!

A man for hard work and rapid promotion; a man who can find things to be done without the help of a manager and three associates.

A man who gets to work on time in the morning and does not imperil the lives of others in an attempt to be first out of the office at night.

A man who listens carefully when he is spoken to and asks only enough questions to insure the accurate carrying out of instructions.

A man who moves quickly and makes as little noise as possible about it.

A man who looks you straight in the eye and tells the truth every time.

A man who does not pity himself for having to work.

A man who is neat in appearance.

A man who does not sulk for an hour's overtime in emergencies.

A man who is cheerful, courteous to everyone, and determined to make good.

This man is wanted everywhere. Age or lack of experience do not count. There isn't any limit, except his own ambition, to the number or size of the jobs he can get. He is wanted in every business.

* *

"You'll have to have an operation," advised the doctor. "Do you want a first class one or a second class one?"

"What's the difference?"

"For the first class operations there are new instruments and old assistants. The opposite is the case for second class operations."

—*Pourquoi Pas?*

Letter from Home

By MINNIE MAY LEWIS

Dear Johnny:

In these past days you have met sorrow face to face. May God comfort you in your lonely acceptance of this shared tragedy. You would be less than human if you found no rebelling protest, no onslaught of unanswered questions, no fierce testing of faith.

This I know. There are no flaws in God's weaving. We just see life's tapestry from the human side.

You once told of finding your pilot wet with sweat after tunneling your Globemaster through the murk on take-off for intercontinental flight.

"He has a right to sweat," you said. "It's a staggering responsibility; an unbelievable load to lift. The pilot knows he has to lift that load—or else!"

"Don't you sweat it out, too?" I asked.

"No sweat, Mom." You grinned. "I leave that entirely up to the pilot. That's his department. I find me a nice, soft spot and go to sleep. I just follow the pilot and he always gets me there."

May this homely analogy from your own lips be bread cast upon the waters for your present hunger, Son.

He, who charts your life's course, also pilots your craft. He promises no easy ride. Sometimes there are unscheduled changes, unanswerable delays, cancelled flights. Never doubt God's intricate flight pattern or question his infinite wisdom and concern. He is in constant contact with the control tower. He has promised to lift your burden, to carry your heartbreaking load.

No sweat, Johnny, no sweat. Follow your Pilot. He will see you through. That's his department.

Deepest Love,
MOM

How to Baby Your Buggy

CARS, like wives, should never be taken for granted. They must be watched over, provided for, maintained—even pampered—for maximum compatibility.

Not all men recognize this—and are penalized for their blindness with poor mileage, worn piston rings, dead batteries, flat tires, excessive stalling and faulty brakes. Smart drivers reap the rewards of their attention in the form of maximum

mileage, less wear on precision parts, longer lasting tires, brake efficiency, less strain on the wallet—in short, increased driving pleasure at minimum cost.

No organization is more sensitive to the importance of economical vehicle maintenance than our United States Army. Our national safety hinges on how quickly and efficiently our land forces can move—and a mechanized Army is only as good as

Pfc George Hall, driver at Ft. Jay, N.Y., fills radiator under supervision of Sgt 1/C Joseph Altieri, Asst. Truck Master, Ft. Jay.

Photo by U. S. Army



its transportation. Through much experience and experiment, the budget-minded Army has evolved a system of *preventive* maintenance that has gotten results from Tokyo to Toowoomba, Berlin to Banjoe-wangi.

Here, listed alphabetically for your convenience, is a rundown of Army-tested tips on babying a buggy for maximum economy and performance:

1. *Accessories*—check your carburetor, generator, fan and water pump for looseness and leaks. Check the fan-belt for wear; replacing a frayed belt in time may avert a cracked engine block, burned out bearings, or a dead battery.

2. *Battery*—should be checked frequently and the plates kept covered with distilled water. When a battery requires excessive amounts of water, it is probably being overcharged. The charging rate of the generator can be changed. To clean your battery case of corrosive paste, coat the case with a thick paste of ordinary baking soda and water. Leave the coating on for a minute or two, cover the air vents in the battery case with adhesive tape, then wash the coating off with clear water.

3. *Clutch*—your clutch shouldn't chatter or squeal during engagement—or slip when fully engaged. The pedal should have free travel before it begins to disengage the clutch.

4. *Cooling system*—a rust-clogged radiator can wreak havoc with your car, temper and pocketbook. Drain anti-freeze in the spring after freezing weather is past, for continuing use may necessitate costly repairs.

Flush the system thoroughly to rid it of rust, then install a fresh filling of clear water and an anti-rust. Always keep the water in the radiator at the proper level.

5. *Engine*—if it stalls frequently, loses power or knocks, have it checked. If the condition is severe, have it corrected at once. Often even a few miles of additional driving may double your repair bill.

6. *Exhaust system*—check the muffler for leaks to be sure no carbon monoxide gas seeps into the car. As a safety measure, always drive with at least one window partially open.

7. *Fenders and bumpers*—check for looseness and damage. Light strips of auto trim may be lost if not kept securely fastened.

8. *Finish*—keep it protected with polish at all times, and park the car in the shade whenever possible. Never wash your car under the hot sun or permanent spotting may result. Small chips, dents, and scratches cause corrosion that spreads the damage. If you can't have the damaged area painted immediately, at least get some touch-up and seal the break in the paint. Be especially careful of chrome-plated trim—it rusts fast if not waxed. Aluminum pits and corrodes. Unless you're *sure* a piece of trim is stainless steel—which can't rust—keep an eye peeled for trouble.

9. *Foot and hand brakes*—foot brakes should operate smoothly without pulling the vehicle to one side, and should leave a reserve of pedal travel available. The hand brake should be effective enough to keep the car from rolling when parked on even a steep incline. Excessive delay

in relining brakes, when necessary, is poor economy as well as a safety hazard; you may kill the brake drums.

10. *Fuel, oil and water*—check amounts with sufficient frequency. Any drastic change in levels since previous service may indicate a leak. If you don't drive very far at a time, or very often, your vehicle requires more—not less—frequent oil changes.

11. *Glass and rear vision mirror*—repair cracked glass immediately before it leads to further damage. Check your mirror now and then for damage to frames or brakes.

12. *Horn and windshield wiper*—test horn to see if it's loud enough. Check wiper arms, blades and condition of the rubber. Then make a windshield-contact test to be sure the wiper leaves no serious streaks that mar vision.

13. *Lights*—replace lamps or units promptly. Make sure the headlights not only light, but are bright enough and properly *balanced*.

14. *Lubrication and greasing*—fol-

low manufacturer's instructions about oiling and greasing. Don't forget to check the vehicle's rear end.

15. *Shock absorbers*—they need occasional adjustment or replacement of fluid for proper passenger comfort. Sensible comfort requirements also make it a good idea to check the vehicle's anti-rattles if it sounds necessary.

16. *Steering*—inspect for looseness and wear. Wheel wobble, sometimes noticeable only at high speeds, needs *immediate* attention.

17. *Tires*—use well-mated tires with good tread. Check tire pressure each time you stop for gas, and rotate the tires (including the spare) every 4,000 miles. Uneven wear is a sign that you may need wheel alignment.

Remember that while cars do share several things in common with wives, they do not respond to flowers, candy or compliments. They're not interested in flattery. They demand care.

And unlike wives, they have a resale value which depends upon how you treat them. ■ ■



Collegiate Good-Neighboring in Mexico

By DICK HAYMAN

**After reading this article, you'll be anxious
to spend a summer south of the Rio Grande.**

SINCE its founding in 1940, Mexico City College and Mexico City have served as campus and classroom to well over 13,000 *norte-americanos* from every part of the United States, Alaska, and Canada.

Along with regular degree-seeking classmates, many of the *estudiantes* are combining their vacations from north-of-the-border with special sum-

mer classes on the MCC campus. This combination of sightseeing with book "larnin'" makes for a highly profitable summertime, such vacationers have discovered. Young teachers are especially sold on the arrangement!

With 95 per cent of its courses conducted in English, Mexico City College is the only American-type liberal arts college in Latin America to enjoy such distinctions as holding extra-territorial status in the Texas Association of Colleges and Universities and receiving numerous exchange students each year on regular schedules of study offered by such greats as Ohio State University, Michigan State College, and the Georgetown School for Foreign Service.

Most full-time students at MCC, of which there are usually one thousand enrolled, study the year-round for standard B.A. and M.A. degrees awarded under various departmental set-ups. While some of this student body is composed of local Mexico Citians, the bulk comes from the U.S. and Canada, representing all age levels and all walks of life. Others travel there from South and Central America, the West Indies, Europe, Hawaii, the Philippines, and

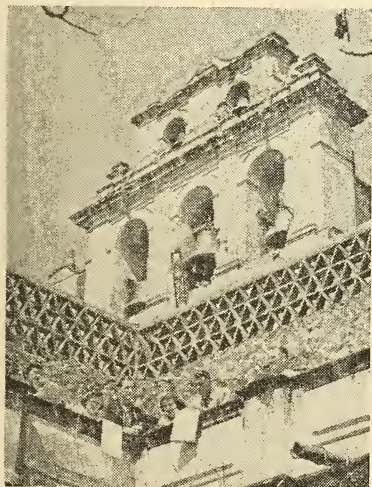


Photo by Marilu Pease

Summer art students in Mexico City find inspiration almost everywhere. Here they sketch in front of an historic old cathedral.

even parts of Asia. Those who aren't up to par on their English soon improve as a result of classwork combined with friendly help from their American classmates.

One outstanding advantage of MCC is the easy working in of leisurely sightseeing with formal learning. The side trips into the off-tourist-trail parts of Mexico, under college supervision are memorable.

Archeology and anthropology students make excursions to centers of ancient ruins, mostly in Oaxaca, hoping to learn further secrets about half-forgotten Indian civilizations. Many budding "diggers" find time and means to go as far afield as the Yucatan Peninsula, still the land of mystery, where the Mayan ruins of Palenque, Uxmal, and Chichén-Itzá still offer a provocative challenge.

Closer field trips to pottery and weaving centers in small towns around Mexico City bring other classes face to face with native handicrafts in the making. As their Aztec and Toltec ancestors did over ten centuries ago, today's craftsmen still mold pottery and produce those other objects today's tourists find so fascinating.

In Mexico there's always good reason to "set out on a little trip," MCC students soon discover.

When they can, most treat themselves to relaxing vacations in such resort centers as Cuernavaca, Veracruz, Taxco, Acapulco, and Puebla to swim, fish, souvenir-hunt, and laze in the sunshine.

BUT Mexico City College has its studious side fully as well. In

addition to the general subjects taught in all American colleges, Latin American Studies, Foreign Trade, International Relations, Anthropology, and Spanish Language and Literature are stressed in quarterly courses.

The Foreign Trade Center offers the only degree in that field taught outside the U.S.A. The presence of so many branches of stateside concerns in Mexico allows the double advantage of combining latest theories with actual class practice, plus frequent talks from local foreign trade specialists. Graduates find their change-over from classwork to field work much easier because of this background.

Art and Creative Writing Centers are special departments for practicing as well as beginning artists and authors. They evaluate each other's work, discuss working techniques, and discover new stimuli.

About half of the MCC faculty is Mexican-born; the other half is almost evenly divided between North American and European instructors. Many of the Mexican professors, partially or wholly USA-trained, are leaders in their fields of study and arts.

The MCC student, whether full-time or part-time, automatically becomes an individual "good neighbor" representative from his part of the United States or Canada. Since he takes a certain place in Mexico City life, meeting Mexican society and making Mexican friends, each student makes a stronger link in human relations between Mexico and her northern neighbors. And these

Summer students visit the downtown Mexico City Museum of Anthropology and find sunshine and idols in the interior patio.



Photo by Dick Hayman

A party attended by Mexico City College writing students often turns into a bull session that puts contemporary writing in its place, settles individual problems, and makes literature come alive.



associations continue after students leave for their homes through sustained correspondence and later visits back and forth on both sides of the border.

SINCE MCC has no dormitory facilities, the Housing Director places students in private homes near the campus. Room and board often runs as low as \$75 a month, and the pleasure of experiencing family life firsthand is free for the interest taken.

Married students rent apartments or small houses for as little as \$65 monthly, often hiring a maid-laundress for \$18 per month more. Unfurnished places can be filled with native furniture at a fraction of state-side prices.

The generous rate of exchange—\$12.50 pesos to the U.S. dollar—is a big boost to student budgets. Even with the current rise in the cost of living below the Rio Grande, food and incidentals are still amazingly inexpensive and are always abundant.

North Americans down for their initial quarter of studies at MCC soon get into the swing of things. Coeds learn to wear the highly practical *rebozo*, colorful stole draped

around shoulders in a variety of styles, and quickly adopt Mexican blouses and skirts for their colorfulness and comfort. Fellows become *aficionados* of native sandals, *huaraches*, and let their Toluca-cloth sport shirts hang loosely over trouser-tops, *estilo Mexicano*.

For the American estudiante at MCC, living in the foreign atmosphere of Mexico, even for a comparatively short time, is full education in itself. Understanding of a completely different, though neighboring, people is mastered—not like any school subject, simply in the classroom, but through actual, vivid experience.

As the thousands of freshly open-minded collegians from California to Maine, from Texas to Hudson Bay, come together with fellow MCC'ers from other parts of the Americas, good-neighboring is practiced with natural good-will and unconscious profit.

Barriers of suspicion and ignorance disappear in the warmth of true friendship, and mutual respect plants firm roots. Encouragingly the harvest of this international crop is reaped by all the Americas together.

■ ■

CLERK WITH A SUGGESTION

"I am looking for a gift for a girl," the earnest young man confided to a clerk. "I want something that will make her face light up; something that will make her eyes sparkle; something that will rekindle the fire of love."

"Well," said the clerk judiciously, "if you're trying to burn her up, don't give her anything."

Wm. C. Kessler in *Quote*



$$2+2=4$$

Simple Addition

By L. J. HUBER

MY mind goes back some thirty years each time I see a headline that gives a sure cure for juvenile delinquents. We had them in those days, but we usually simmered down their activities; we tried to keep from publicizing them. I was a cub reporter, just out of college, and I had my thoughts on the matter.

I was for keeping them busy just as many communities are doing right now. Ed Allen, editor of *The Eagle*, was the rough and ready type. He was not in favor of the hush-hush method. He was a big man and he would have taken each fallen boy and personally put him over his big knee. This might have been a cure for some of them. But for others—well, since he couldn't do it this way,

he wanted to spank them in another manner. By telling the story, together with names and addresses, right on the front page.

"Shame them into being good, Pete," he said to me.

"Some will thrive on the publicity; they'll love it," I contended.

"That's how it's going to be, Pete," he insisted.

"Sure," I said. "You're the boss, Mr. Allen."

He leaned back and took a good look at me. I knew why. Ed Allen was not one to put up with employees who disagreed with him. He formed the policies of his paper and he wanted them followed to the letter.

"How old are you, Pete?" he asked to disarm me.

"Twenty-two, sir," I answered.

"Well, I'm two times that old and then some," he snapped back. "I've been around long enough to know this problem inside and out. What do you think of that?"

"You're right, sir," I agreed. "It's just that no one will listen to me and my ideas about this problem. I was hoping the paper would spearhead a drive to turn the old Miller school-house into a club for boys. We don't have a thing in this town for them. We don't have—"

"How about you spearheading out of here and getting the story on how the window in Henderson's Hardware Store was broken last night? More important, find out why Henny Henderson won't talk about it."

"Just as you say, sir," I agreed. "Anything else?"

"I have the personal feeling that Henny knows who did it, Pete. Does that help?"

"Not much," I admitted.

"Do a good job, lad, and don't try to be a crusader before your time. See if Henny knows the names of the stone tossers and I'll spearhead something that will sink into the britches of those young rascals and their parents. No more mollicoddling by *The Eagle*, Pete, that's the final word."

I PASSED Young Ed, the apple of the old man's eye, on the way out of the place. The boy was washing windows; his dad always kept him busy doing odds and ends around the building. This way he kept himself in gas money; he was the only one of his age who owned a car. It was a wheezing wreck, much

like those that the kids of today are driving.

Young Ed was a pleasant lad, but he had a furtive manner about him. I could have told my boss a few things about his son, things that were unpleasant. The lad was getting in with older boys and he loved it. He was the big shot; he had the car and they had the ideas. The Boor brothers were his favorite friends and that was enough to keep anyone on the alert. The brothers were tough customers.

Old Man Henderson was leaning on the counter when I barged into the place. His show shelf was empty, a big board covered the hole in the window. The glass had been swept up, a half-brick was near the front door.

"That's one way to keep from cleaning them, Mr. Henderson," I said brightly.

"Cost well over a hundred dollars," he mumbled.

"When did it happen? Who did it?" I asked twice.

"I was home in bed," he told me. "How would I know that?"

"Police come up with anything?" I pushed on although I had been snubbed.

"Might ask them," he suggested.

"Might," I countered. "Might also ask you and that's what I'm doing right now."

"I'm not looking for trouble, Pete," he countered. "I know what you want, but I'd only be guessing which is not what I'm going to do."

"Had trouble with anyone lately, Mr. Henderson?" I moved forward.

"No, but you're going to have

some if you don't stop trying to dig into things that are none of your concern. Those brothers are bad medicine and—"

"Oh, the Boor boys," I jumped at this quickly.

"I didn't say that, did I?" he fenced with me. "There are a lot of brothers in this town and I could have meant any of them. Now you get, Pete, and I mean it."

I got. Then I went toward the corner of Pine and Bluff where a gang of boys were playing a game called iron horse. They stopped a moment when they saw me watching them, then they went on with the game. Two of the smaller boys were not in it, the game was too rough for them. So they had time on their hands.

In the back of my mind was the thought that these were the ones who should be using the abandoned Miller school. These were the ones who needed a place where their activities could be channeled into the proper place. I thought I had a brilliant idea and so I wrote the story. It came out of a series of simple additions and I might have had the wrong answer.

I added a lot of items. The two Boor brothers, Young Ed's association with them, Mr. Henderson's fear. To this I put a useless school building, a gang of young ones. I got an answer, a very different result. I was adding apples and peaches and pears and coming out with fruit salad.

TO this day I wonder how I got the temerity and strength to put

my story on Mr. Allen's desk. I gulped as I did it, and I hoped my weak side wasn't showing. I'll never forget the man nor the manner in which he took my story. There was a slight movement of the throat muscles. Like he was trying to swallow, but couldn't find the power to do it. Then he adjusted his glasses and asked me to call his boy.

The lad came into the office. He stopped when he saw his father. He sensed something unusual, although, to an outsider and even to me, everything seemed calm and normal. Ed motioned his son into a chair and the boy sat. The old man began reading.

"The police," he voiced my words, "have several suspects in the vandalism that was caused when a stone was thrown through the window at Henderson's store. Although they did not reveal names, they have three boys, two of them brothers, under surveillance. The other, driver of the car, is the son of a prominent local family."

The boy was squirming by this time, like he had horsehair trousers. During the first few words he had seemed interested and alert; during the last of the reading he had looked at the floor. He was still doing this when the old man turned to him.

"Now, Ed," he snapped. "What can you add to that story?"

"Nobody saw us," the boy said, and fumbled with the very first effort.

It was a complete confession in three words, and I thought it would drive my boss into action. He fooled me again. He drummed the desk,



"I wrote the story on suspicion, Mr. Allen," I admitted.

rapped on the arms of his chair, told the boy to go home and stay there. Now and immediately. The lad ran out of the place. The man turned to me.

"If this were someone else's boy I'd publish the name, Pete," he opened.

"Would you, sir?" I asked for want of better words.

"And I should do the same even though it is my boy."

"I don't think so, Mr. Allen," I put in. "I always did think that was the wrong approach to the matter."

"I can't do it, Pete, but I must do something. The damage will be paid for and the Boor brothers will be put in their place." Then he turned to the face of the story that I wanted to

forget. "How did you get the story?"

It was my turn to squirm and fret just as Young Ed had done. I knew the moment would come and I had prepared for it. Even then I wasn't ready. I tried to answer his query and found my lips were dry. I wetted them and started again.

"I wrote the story on suspicion, Mr. Allen," I admitted.

"On suspicion?" he exploded. "I never heard of it."

"I used simple addition," I tried to explain, but he would have none of my effort.

"You mean, Pete, that you fabricated this story? That you made it up? You, a reporter on this paper, concocted this mess? A newspaperman, whose first rule should be ac-

curacy, fictionized a piece of news?"

"It didn't turn out that way, sir," I gulped.

"What if I had printed this? If I hadn't seen through it?"

"My resignation would have been in your hands by now," I said.

"You're fired anyhow, Pete," he stormed on, and then he stopped short. "But I can't fire you, can I? You know all about Ed and your talk could ruin me and my family."

"One of the things I did learn from you, Mr. Allen," I told him, "is the fact that a newspaperman knows when to keep quiet. This is one of the times when I'll do that."

"Thanks," he said in a soft voice. "But you're still fired."

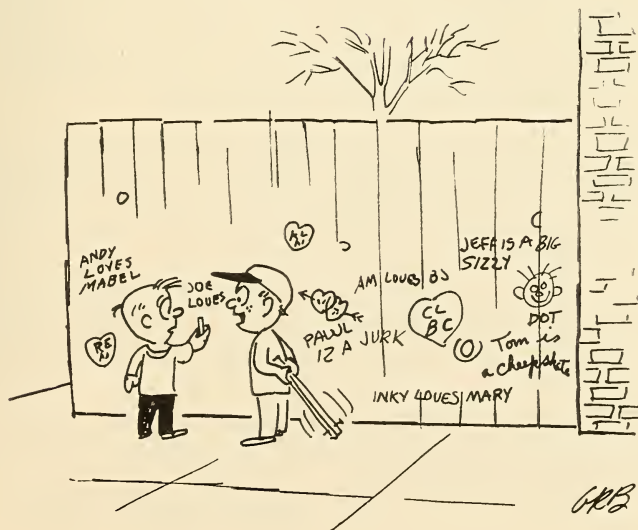
"Yes, sir," I agreed with him. "I'll take my pay and be on my way."

"That is," he thundered on.

"You're fired as a reporter. I'm putting the power of *The Eagle* in your hands and I want that schoolhouse converted into a club for those boys. Start a campaign, start a crusade. I don't even care if you use some more of your simple addition," he banged away at me.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I accept the job."

He could have softened at this spot but he didn't. He was still the rough and tough old fighter as he battled for the things in which he believed. I was glad that he was on our side now. I'm sure he was. More certain than ever, as I put out my hand to accept his personal check for the kick-off of the crusade that we were sponsoring.



Letter from Commanding Devil

By R. G. HUTCHESON, JR.

FPO, Hades

From: Commanding Devil

To: Demon-in-Charge, Sabbath Non-Observance Section

Subject: Administrative Inspection, comments concerning

1. At the recent Administrative Inspection of your section you were awarded a grade of "Unsatisfactory."
2. The following major deficiencies were noted in your section:
 - (1) There has been a discouraging increase in church attendance. Apparently certain agents of the Enemy are exercising too much influence on their shipmates. It is imperative that uncommitted personnel follow the example of the non-churchgoers rather than the churchgoers. After the great pains we have taken to make them believe the slogan that "nobody goes to church" we cannot allow this fiction to be destroyed.
 - (2) Two men were discovered singing hymns in the shower. Obviously, the Tempters assigned to them had failed to take the elementary precaution of reminding them that they were making themselves conspicuous and might be laughed at.
 - (3) No one was observed spreading rumors that the chaplain is a boring preacher and not as friendly as the last chaplain. This shows inexcusable laxity in your Rumor Division.
3. Unless immediate remedial action is taken to correct these deficiencies you will be relieved of your responsibilities and reassigned to another unit.

COMMANDING DEVIL



Reading Has Become Popular

By IRENE MURRAY

TWO years ago the nation was alarmed over Johnny's inability to read. And many observers felt the reason Johnny couldn't read was that his mother, father, older brothers, and sisters weren't reading. The cry went up, We are becoming a nation of red-eyed, illiterate morons.

Now we're constantly being reassured that Johnny *can* read in Joplin, Missouri, and Rock Island, Illinois, as well as other cities in the United States. In fact, the pendulum has swung so far to the other side that we're being told a reading revolution is in progress. People are reading—and, of all things!—the classics, though Mark Twain once said, "A classic is a book everyone wants to *have* read, but no one wants to *read*." This, too, has changed.

One publisher recently announced the 500,000th sale of *The Iliad*, and the 800,000th sale of *The Odyssey*. Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* has sold 750,000 copies and Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights* recently went over a million copies. Non-fic-

tion books by scholars, historians, philosophers, and theologians are getting the same consideration.

In 1954, 587,000,000 books were sold; in 1957, that number had increased to 657,000,000. That's almost four books per year for every man, woman, and child in the United States! At the same time the public libraries increased their circulation 33 per cent. And have you visited a rental library recently and watched subscribers select their week's reading? In the armed forces, too, there is a demand. New libraries are being built. Special Services reads and selects many books each month for distribution to the 1,100 libraries.

Last fall New York's WCBS-TV started Sunrise Semester—a lecture program on "Modern Fiction from Stendhal to Hemingway." The lectures were given by Dr. Floyd Zulli, Jr., of New York University and were telecast at the unearthly hour of 6:30 A.M. The first book on the course was Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*. What happened? The book was sold

out in New York City within a week. Almost 1,000 letters a week were received from people wanting to know where to get all sixteen books to be discussed during the course. A rating survey estimated that the program had 150,000 viewers.

To be sure, much of the increase in book sales is due to the paper back editions (priced from 25 cents to \$1.95) which are available at bookstores, drugstores, cigar stores, railway terminals, bus stations, newsstands, and super-markets. There is plenty of material available. The problem is no longer one of availability, but one of selectivity.

All this suggests that Americans will read; that Americans want to understand themselves and their fellow men; that Americans want to realize their position and their responsibility in today's world. In the face of the threat of sudden and total extinction, Americans are seeking to better understand where they came from and where they are headed. If yesterday was the cradle of today, then today is the cradle of tomorrow. Today's cold war is a struggle for the minds and souls of men and we must arm ourselves by reading so that we will know the truth.

But you say, I know I *should* read. I'd like to—I really would. But I just don't have the time. Haven't you—really? In his delightful little book, *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day*, Arnold Bennett says, "You wake up in the morning, and lo! your purse is magically filled with twenty-four hours of the unmanufactured tissue of your life . . . No one can

take it from you. And no one receives either more or less than you receive."

We each have twenty-four hours every day to spend as we choose. And we find time to do the things we consider most essential. Just check yourself for one week. Can't you find three or four hours out of 168 for reading? Perhaps you could take a few minutes in the early morning, or late at night; perhaps you could substitute a book for a movie or TV. Possibly your wife or sweetheart would share your reading, which would make it more delightful.

FROM radio, TV, and newspapers—as well as books—we find that there are almost as many points of view as there are persons defining them. We must realize that every writer or commentator slants his material so that you will say, You know, I believe this fellow is right. But it is not enough to assent to another's point of view, we must seek and find our own. And to do this we must read widely and critically. We must develop the capacity to know truth from error. For the real strength of our nation is not in its bombs and missiles, not even in our gallant armies, but in the belief that we have rightly interpreted life, that we have a purpose in life, and that our purpose is worthy. We should intelligently evaluate the freedoms we have, those which we choose to defend with our total strength.

We must learn to think for ourselves, to think creatively, to see the other person as he sees himself. We may not always agree with another's ideas, but we should be charitable.

Understanding may beget tolerance; honesty demands that we admit our mistakes when proven wrong; but tolerance should never demand that we abdicate our opinions.

But in a world of bookstores, libraries, and newsstands crammed with books, what *should* we read? We can't possibly read the millions of books tumbling from the presses each year.

You must select those types of books in which you are most interested. Raise your sights occasionally. The comic strip, Western, or mystery may be relaxing, but to feed your

mind a steady diet of trivia will leave you a boy in a man's world. Choose a complex problem novel or a non-fiction book on one of the great universal themes now and then. Master your mind; don't let it master you. There is no substitute for reading.

Buy a newspaper with a good book page; subscribe to a book review magazine; join a book club; tell your librarian what you'd like to read. Read often, but read wisely—and that means a careful choice of what you read.



To help you select your reading, THE LINK is beginning a brief book review section. Let us know if it is helpful.



Books

Are Friendly Things

A HALF dollar is a rather humble piece of money on today's market. What will it buy? A milk shake and a half; a ride for one-fourth of a mile by taxi; a tie.

But it will also buy a book—a *Reflection Book*, that is. These are small paper-backed religious books of 128 pages, published by Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y. How any publisher today can turn out this type of book and sell it for fifty cents is truly amazing!

And these are good books to have. You can put one in your pocket and read while you travel, when you have spare moments, or almost any time. Here is a brief account of six of these books and there are many others:

The Bible When You Need It Most by T. Otto Nall, editor of *New Christian Advocate*. What do you do in the crucial moments of life? In times of sickness, anger, loneliness, fear, despair as well as moments of happiness, peace of mind, success? I imagine you'd like to know what the Bible says. Of course, you're not going to stop in a moment like this and pull out Dr. Nall's book and say, "Now, let's see what he says." But by reading this book, you will store up in your mind some of the biblical ideas and the writer's interpretation and these will help you.

The Modern Man Looks at the Bible by William Neil. This book was originally published in England under the title *The Plain Man Looks at the Bible*. It is a survey of the Bible story and tells what the Bible is all about. It might be well to read Neil's book first and then go to Nall's.

Religion and Health, Simon Doniger, editor. In this book modern theologians and doctors explain how faith can heal us mentally and physically.

Where did the Baptists come from, the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and other denominations? Stanley I. Stuber writes of *Denominations—How We Got Them*.

A little heavier book, but one that will help you understand the thinking of several important modern theologians is *Ten Makers of Modern Thought*, edited by George L. Hunt. The theologians treated are: Karl Barth, Emil Brunner, Martin Buber, Rudolph Bultmann, Sören Kierkegaard, Reinhold Niebuhr, Walter Rauschenbush, Albert Schweitzer, William Temple, and Paul Tillich.

Have you ever asked questions like these, Is it intellectually respectable to believe in God? Why did Jesus die? Do you believe in the soul? Jack Finegan, professor of New Testament Literature and Interpretation at the Pacific School of Religion, who has been called "one of the most zestful writers on the practical problems of everyday living," writes on *Questions and Answers on Religion*. He presents forty questions similar to those we've cited and gives you straightforward answers.

CUTTING IT THIN

A man who was very rich but noted for his stinginess was bombarding with questions a salesman in the car showroom. At last, indicating a certain model, he asked, "Does that one consume much gas?"

"A mere spoonful, sir," replied the exasperated salesman. Asked the miser, "A teaspoonful or a tablespoonful?"

—Constellation, Paris



The Link Satellite

We view developments in the world of religion.

Religious Population of the World

The *Presbyterian Survey* points out that "1958 years after the advent of our Lord, the Christian church stands with more than two thirds of her avowed task to win nations to Christ unfinished." What is the religious population of the world?

835,000,000	Christians (of all denominations)
508,000,000	Primitive religions and non-believers
350,000,000	Buddhists
350,000,000	Muslims
300,000,000	Hindus
300,000,000	Confucianists
50,000,000	Taoists
25,000,000	Shintoists
10,000,000	Jews

Religious Population of the United States

A sample survey taken by the Census Bureau of Washington, D.C. shows that the religious population of the United States can be classified as follows:

79,000,000	Protestants
30,700,000	Catholics
3,900,000	Jews
3,200,000	No religion
1,500,000	Small groups

The Protestant population by denomination is as follows:

23,500,000	Baptists
16,700,000	Methodists
8,400,000	Lutherans
6,700,000	Presbyterians
23,700,000	Smaller Protestant bodies

Religious Population in a Local Community

Last year a religious survey was made of 53,833 housing units in the Pasadena-Alhambra, California communities. A total of 42,205 calls were completed. Of households visited 26,899 were Protestant, 6,877 Roman Catholic, 1,424 Church of Christ Scientist, 484 Mormon, and 479 Jewish. A breakdown of denominational preference in the two communities showed 5,570 Presbyterians, 5,121 Methodists, 3,484 Baptists, 2,949 Episcopalians, 2,182 Lutherans, and 7,593 members of other Protestant churches.

In a Military Camp

A census taken at Camp Pendleton, California of 11,914 marines over a six-month period indicates the church preferences as follows: Protestant, 7,741 or 64 per cent; Roman

Catholic, 3,786 or 31 per cent; Jewish, 54; other, 240; atheist or agnostic, 3; none, 90.

Viewpoint of Communist Boss

Nikita S. Khrushchev reaffirmed his belief in atheism in an interview with a French journalist. He said, "I think that there is no God and for a long time I have had such an idea. I am an adherent of the scientific outlook. Science and the belief in supernatural powers cannot go together, especially if you have a thoroughly logical outlook."

Alcoholism

- This year the chief inspector of the Swedish Royal Social Board spent two months in the USA studying ways this nation has evolved for helping alcoholics. The chief, Daniel Wicklund, points out that there are 60,000 alcoholics in Sweden, a country of 7,000,000; and that alcohol is a factor in 60 per cent of the crimes.

- Chaplain (Major General) Charles I. Carpenter, Chief of Air Force Chaplains, has suggested a temperance program for non-drinkers in the armed forces. "Non-drinkers need a temperance program which they can rally around and promote without feeling like oddballs."

Overseas Aid

- Charles P. Taft, vice-president of the National Council of Churches, this year urged the government to continue its program of mutual aid. "The United States should continue to develop, improve, and expand its programs of technical assistance, economic aid, and international

trade, such as will make for stability, justice, freedom and peace for the peoples of the under-developed areas of the world."

- Almost while Taft was saying this a huge transport plane was on its way to New Delhi, India, with fifty-seven sheep, twenty calves, and five little pigs. From New Delhi several smaller planes would transport these pure-bred animals to Katmandu, Nepal—an important part of the Point Four program . . . Church World Service and the National Catholic Welfare Service have joined together to send 50,000,000 pounds of U.S. surplus foods to Formosa.

- Appeals are being made for Americans to send good used clothing to those in need overseas. R. Norris Wilson of Church World Service, made a world tour this year and reports tremendous needs. "I remember a harsh and bitter day spent in a colony of 3,000 shacks on the banks of the windswept Han River near Seoul, Korea. . . . It was time for one of our wheat flour distributions and mothers, with babies slung on their backs, crippled men in rags, and children with hands and faces blue with cold, stood patiently in line in front of the shed where the CWS truck was parked. All were numb with cold. Not a single one, including the pastor and elders of the shantytown had enough clothes on their backs to keep out the bitter weather. . . ."

Gifts

Many of the delegates attending the Second World Institute on Christian Education held in Japan are

there as a result of a grant by the Lilly Endowment of \$25,000.

- Trustees of the Sealantic Fund, Inc., founded by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has made a grant of \$2,000,000 to support theological education in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. This gift is conditioned on the fact that a number of foreign mission boards agree to give another \$2,000,000, a challenge which they have accepted.

Work, Study, and Service Abroad

An illustrated booklet, *Guide to Careers in International Service*, has been published by American University, Washington 16, D.C. The booklet reviews job possibilities and training requirement for foreign service.

- More than 75,000 international scholarships and fellowships for study in eighty-three countries are listed in the 1957-1958 edition of *Study Abroad*, a handbook published by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural organizations.

- Two young people, Helen Paty Eiffee, Elizabeth, N.J. and William Gillard, Pardale, Australia, are working on a volunteer basis with Hungarian refugees in Austria.

Bits from Other Lands

Colombia. According to Dr. Richard M. Fagley, religious persecution against Protestants is still going on in Colombia—chapels have been desecrated and destroyed, schools have been closed, and individual Protestants terrorized.

Okinawa. The formation this year of the Okinawa Council of Christian

Churches is being hailed by Protestants as an "event of significance to the Christian world."

Peru. The Methodist church at Cerro de Pasco, in the towering Andes Mountains, more than 14,000 feet above sea level claims for itself the distinction of being the highest Methodist church in the world.

Beirut, Lebanon. The Rev. James A. Weeks recently began his work here as secretary for the Bible Lands Agency, North, of the American Bible Society.



Caribbean. Dr. Billy Graham continues his Crusade for Christ around the world. The above picture shows Dr. R. Kenneth Strachan, director of the Caribbean Crusade; Dr. Graham; and Reverend Garcia, local pastor.

Bits from the USA

- United Church Women have organized "Come and See" tours to find out what's what in the nation's slums.

- Five major denominations have begun a three-year program to help break down racial barriers in housing. The denominations are: Disciples of Christ, Presbyterian USA,

American Baptists, Methodists, and the United Church of Christ.

- This summer 125 young men from seminaries and colleges are bringing a religious ministry to students working in our national parks. Director is former bellhop at Old Faithful Inn, Yellowstone, the Rev. Warren Ost of New York.

- In the last ten years the American Bible Society has distributed 75,000,000 of its scripture portions in sixteen languages.

- Beginning in 1962, five additional firms will be permitted to publish RSV versions of the Bible. Now only Thomas Nelson & Sons publishes the new translation. The five companies to share publishing rights are: William Collins & Sons, A. J. Holman, Oxford University Press, World Publishing, and Harper Brothers.

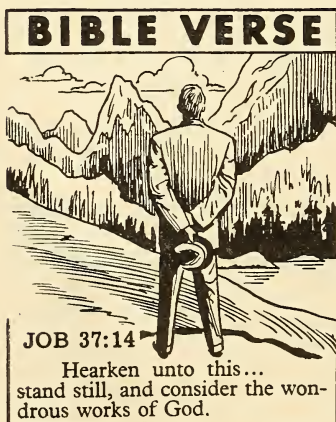
- Some of the Friendship Press books have become best sellers, among them *Kingdom Beyond Caste* by Liston Pope which has had a circulation of 100,000.

- The Armed Forces Writers League, 2140 N. Oak St., Arlington 7, Va., is interested in helping people learn how to write better.

- The Churchman's Commission for Decent Publications say that 50,000,000 circulars are mailed annually to promote the sale of "nude art studies," and sex publications.

- Koinonia Foundation, P.O. Box 5744, Pikesville, Md., has launched a campaign to pray for peace.

- By 1975, the population of the USA will be 220,000,000; by the year 2000, it will be close to 300,000,000 (More readers for *The Link*.)



Verse for the Month is Job 37:14, as you will see to the left. As we "stand still, and consider the works of God," we certainly are led to believe in God's reality and in his control of the universe. If you prefer, you might like to use Mark 9:24: "I believe; help my unbelief." This was the reply of the father of the epileptic boy whom Jesus met as he came down from the Mt. of Transfiguration. Jesus had just said to him: "All things are possible to him who believes." Is not this our cry: "I believe; help my unbelief!"

The Link Calendar



August is Harvest Month. In the ancient Roman calendar, it was called *sextilis* (sixth month). Since July was named for Julius Caesar; Octavianus, or Augustus Caesar, named August for himself and changed the order of the calendar, making July the sixth month and August the seventh.

August might well be called Conference Month, too. Remember that the Fourteenth World Convention on Christian Education meets in Tokyo, Japan, August 6-13. Various UCYM (United Christian Youth Movement) Training Conferences come this month:

South Central: August 3-10, to be held at Kingston Springs, Tenn. Write to George Downey, 1802 Grand Ave., Nashville, Tenn. for information.

Southeastern: August 16-23, Climax, N.C. Write to Rev. D. L. Warren, 118 E. Gordon St., Kingston, N.C.

Oklahoma: August 10-16, Waggoner, Okla. Write to Mrs. E. R. Reno, 516 Braniff Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Northeastern: August 11-18, Winnepesaukee, N.H. Write to Miss Lillian Schlick, Elmira, New York.

Minnesota: August 10-16, Chaska, Minn. Write to Rev. Robt. E. Kolze, 122 W. Franklin Ave., Minneapolis 4, Minn.

West Virginia: August 11-16, Fayetteville, W. Va. Write to Rev. B. J. Hannon, Ravenswood, W. Va.

Central: August 17-24, Williams Bay, Wis. Write to Rev. Lloyd Peterson, 201 N. St. Mary, Albert Lea, Minn.

Chesapeake: August 23-30, Chestertown, Md. Write to Miss Mabel Dawson, 14 W. Madison St., Baltimore, Md.

Pennsylvania: August 24-30, Gardners, Pa. Write to Rev. Chauncy J. Varney, 2403 N. Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.



Amazing things are taking place in these wonderful camps and conferences, even though Don Marshall remarks, "The most amazing thing about amazing things is how little they amaze the younger generation." The Air Force will have another SPIRITUAL LIFE CONFERENCE this month. This one will be held at Ridgecrest, N.C. August 29-Sept. 2. The theme: "If Christ Has His Way." The Conference Director is Chaplain (Major) Harold D. Shumaker. For detailed information, inquire of your chaplain.



Yes, big events happened and happen in August. Aug. 1 is Colorado Day; Aug. 2, 1858, first day street letter boxes were used; Aug. 3, 1492, Columbus sailed from Palos, Spain; Aug. 7, 1789, creation of the War Department; Aug. 11, 1807, Fulton's steamboat sails; Aug. 19, 1812, the U.S.S. Constitution won a great naval victory over the British frigate, Guerriere. What about August, 1958? Cy N. Peace quaintly asks: If this is the dawn of an exciting new era, why isn't somebody waking up?

Two significant religious festivals this month: Aug. 6, Feast of the Transfiguration. Aug. 29, Anniversary of the beheading of John the Baptist.

And, of course, the month closes with an emphasis on the contribution of the working man. Aug. 31 is Labor Sunday.



Some famous birthdays in August are: Aug. 5, 1603, John Eliot, apostle to the Indians; Aug. 29, 1593, Izaak Walton, author of *The Compleat Angler*, a book about fishing reprinted over one hundred times; Aug. 17, 1786, Davy Crockett; Aug. 20, 1833, Benjamin Harrison; Aug. 23, 1785, Oliver Hazard Perry of "We have met the enemy and they are ours" fame.

Helps for Lay Leaders

The theme for this month's studies is: *I Believe*. We shall take a look at statements of faith from ministers, a teacher, some Christian athletes, a statesman, and a beauty queen. Throughout the month, discussion leaders, or speakers, will want to encourage listeners to formulate a statement of their own faith. Ask, Could you explain to a person seeking faith what your own faith is? Use 1 Peter 3:15: "Always be prepared to make a defense to any one who calls you to account for the hope that is in you, yet do it with gentleness and reverence . . ."

FIRST SUNDAY: Can We Still Have Faith? (See pages 10-13, 20-21)

Use for this Sunday the statements of F. B. McAllister ("Steps Upward to Faith") and Bob and Bill Liljegren. Some questions: Why does a person get "mixed up" in what he believes? What can a person believe today? How do you explain evil in the world; and how do you explain goodness? What are some causes worth a man's life? What is meant by commitment to Christ?

Bible Material: 1 Peter 3:13-22; 2 Corinthians 5:16-21.

Hymns: "Faith of Our Fathers"; "How Firm a Foundation"; "My Faith Looks Up."

SECOND SUNDAY: The Faith of a Teacher (see pages 14-17)

Use for this Sunday the statement, "I Believe," of Richard A. Jesse, a teacher in Concordia Senior College. Some questions: What do you think of the statement "But the two words, 'I believe,' spoken by the Christian in the spiritual sense, constitute the loftiest self-assertion the mind of man can make"? What is the relation of belief and love? How can we have faith that God works in the present as well as in the past and in the future? What reasons can you give for your faith in God?

Bible Material: Mark 9:14-29; 11:20-26.

Hymns: "God of Our Fathers"; "He Leadeth Me"; "Lead On, O King."

THIRD SUNDAY: The Faith of Some Christian Athletes (see pages 17-19)

Center this week's discussion around the statements of Bob Davenport, Carl Erskine, and Doak Walker; and the story by Edgar Williams about Al Dark ("Ten Per Cent Ball Player," see pages 24-27). What are the things which these men believe? How do their beliefs affect their playing? What do you think of Al Dark's plan of giving one-tenth of what he makes to the church?

Bible Material: John 4:1-15; Romans 6:23

Hymns: "Rock of Ages"; "My Hope Is Built"; "O Jesus, I Have Promised."

FOURTH SUNDAY: The Faith of a Statesman (see "The Faith and Hope of an American," pages 21-23)

Use this significant declaration of a great statesman—Frank P. Graham—as a basis for this week's discussion. What are the elements of Mr. Graham's faith? What does American mean to you?

Bible Material: Deuteronomy 4:1-8; Proverbs 14:34.

Hymns: "God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand"; "My Country 'Tis of Thee"; "Onward Christian Soldiers."

FIFTH SUNDAY: The Faith of a Beauty Queen (see pages 28-32)

On this Sunday, perhaps it would be well for the lay leader to speak of his own faith. Refer to the article about June Roberta Cook which will furnish you illustrations of the faith of a beautiful young American woman. Some questions: What does Miss Cook mean by these phrases: "God has been very real to me . . . You've got to live with this thing . . . The best way to learn is to teach somebody else . . ."? How can one be beautiful within if he is not good looking?

Bible Material: Ruth 1:1-22

Hymns: "Let the Beauty of Jesus"; "Fairest Lord Jesus"; "The Light of the World."

WHO'S WHO

June Roberta Cook—Miss District of Columbia 1957-1958.

Student at American University, Washington, D.C. has been studying piano since she was six years old. Her father is assistant Naval Inspector General at the Pentagon.

Alvin Dark, baseball player, former shortstop and field manager with the New York Giants. Now with Chicago Cubs.

Bob Davenport, former member of UCLA Bruins—an all-American football player.

Carl Erskine, baseball pitcher, Los Angeles Dodgers.

Dr. Frank P. Graham was for nineteen years president of the University of North Carolina, public member of the National War Labor Board, United States' representative on the United Nations Committee of Good Offices in the Dutch-Indonesian Dispute, Defense Man Power

Administrator in the U.S. Labor Department, United States Senator from North Carolina and is at present the United Nations Representative for India and Pakistan.

Professor Richard A. Jesse—Professor of Religion and Dean of Students at Concordia Senior College, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Bob and Bill Liljegren—brothers—began preparing for the ministry after navy duty during World War II. Growing up in a Christian home, sheltered in a Christian community, the need of all men for Christ first became apparent to them while in the navy. Today—thirteen years later—Bob is pastor of the Bethlehem Covenant Church, Worcester, Mass.; Bill is pastor of the Mission Covenant Church, Thomaston, Conn.

F. B. McAllister, Baptist minister in Cincinnati, Ohio. Frequent contributor to religious publications.

Doak Walker, professional all-American halfback with Detroit Lions.

AT EASE!



"Rudy is worried. He is getting near the age and he doesn't know which type retirement plan they have in mind."

Another rich Texas joke. A Texan gives his kid a battleship for his birthday. The kid says: "Maybe I can trade it for a carrier. Then I can use it to land the jet plane grandma gave me for Christmas."

—Jane Kean

A wealthy Easterner moved to Wyoming, where he bought a large ranch. He gave an enormous house warming at which only the finest foods and refreshments were served. It was an elegant affair.

Afterwards, a cowhand was telling some friends about it. "We ate fer more'n two hours," he said, "an' the only thing I recognized was an olive."

—Bart Hamilton in *Pageant*

Eight-year-old Nancy found time hanging pretty heavy one Sunday afternoon.

"C'mon," she said to her younger brother, "let's play a game. Let's play school."

"O. K.," answered the boy without much enthusiasm. "But let's play I'm absent."

—E. E. Kenyon in *American Weekly*

A sailor friend of mine, home on leave, brought his girl a pearl necklace. She didn't seem to be too happy, so he asked if anything was wrong.

"Oh, the pearls are fine," she said. "It's the clasp that's worrying me—the clasp that comes after."

—Bill Bradl in *Reader's Digest*

About the first of August every year an Arizona church puts this sign on its bulletin board: "You think it's hot here?"

General Features Corp.

The will of the wealthy, but eccentric man was being read and the relatives all listened expectantly. Finally the lawyer said: "And to my nephew, Charlie Jones, whom I promised to remember—'Hi there, Charlie!'"

Tracks

Wife to sick husband: "What do you mean you have nothing to live for? The house isn't paid for, the car isn't paid for, the TV isn't paid for. . . ."

Lion

An antique is a piece of furniture that is paid for.

—*Banking*

TRUST IN GOD

MY trust is in God and in that trust I will live and have no fear • Gladly I commit my ways to him knowing of his boundless wisdom and his unfailing love • Surely he who cares for the birds of the air and the lilies of the field will also care for me • Assured of his nearness I will face life bravely and, whatever comes, I will meet each day with calmness and serenity • My faith holds no reservations • I will trust him in the dark and in the light • I will trust him above all doubts • I will trust him beyond all questionings • In humility I will serve him • With loyalty I will honor him • With selfless deeds I will seek to be worthy of his name • To him I yield myself completely • His will is my way • His allegiance is my law • His love is my life!

—Alfred Grant Walton



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